



onthly review

Cedric Belfrage

A Doctor

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Husein Rofé

Frederick Joss

Khwaja Ahmad Abbas

The Yunglokung Murals

Yae Ichida, the Japanese Poetess

Eastern Diary

News and Views

Newsletters

Book Reviews

EASTERN HORIZON

in this issue

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Cuban Impressions

Stress and its Relief

A Visit to Yunglokung

Oriental Appreciation of Noses

My Korean Bride

The Dumb Cow (a story)

reproductions in monochrome

sketch by F. Joss

in next and future issues

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EASTERN HORIZON

monthly review

VOLUME I NUMBER 9

MARCH 1961

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Published monthly by *Eastern Horizon Press*, 155 Wongneichong Road, Happy Valley, Hong Kong.
Telephone: 777980 Cable Address: 'EASTHO' © by *Eastern Horizon Press*, 1961.

Publisher: S. Y. WONG Editor: LIU PENGJU

Signed articles express the views of the writers, not of the editors. Manuscripts will not be returned unless accompanied by return postage.

HK\$2.00 per copy: Asia HK\$2.00; Middle East and Africa £-2s. 6d.; UK and Europe £-3s.; North America US 50c.; Latin America US 40c.; Australia and New Zealand £-3s. Post Free. Annual subscription: Hong Kong and Asia HK\$20; Middle East and Africa £1.5s.; UK and Europe £1.10s.; North America US\$5; Latin America US\$4; Australia and New Zealand £1.10s. Post free by surface mail.

LETTERS

FROM PROF C. P. FITZGERALD

Thank you very much for your letter and for the copies of *Eastern Horizon* which I have read with great interest.

I was away in Singapore during January and consequently did not get your letter till after my return in February. I had not forgotten my promise to contribute an article for *Eastern Horizon*, but I would plead a short delay as I have been snowed under during this vacation period with other work, and still have a number of things outstanding. I believe I could manage to let you have an article for the May issue . . .

C. P. FITZGERALD

*The Australian National University,
Canberra*

FROM MULK RAJ ANAND

The reason why I have not written to you, is, of course, the heavy pressure of world events, which are taking us inexorably to—I don't know where . . . I only hope that we will not be plunged into a disaster by some strange accident.

The efforts you are making for promoting understanding between East and West, even if they succeed to a small extent, are admirable, and I wish you much good work and warm support from everywhere.

As a modest gesture, I am sending you two pieces, which you may find useful for your magazine . . .

MULK RAJ ANAND

Bombay

CHEERS FOR JOHN BLOFELD

Cheers for John Blofeld for his spirited exposure of certain European writers who, after some weeks of tourism in Asia, proceed to recoup their expenses by condemning (in that vein of parochial arrogance customary to some members of the Western intelligentsia) ways of thinking and behaviour outside their scope of knowledge.

I can only assume that Mr Koestler, in all good faith, suffers from the valour of ignorance, that strong itch to pass judgment on all that one feels alien to oneself. Ignorance in an indi-

vidual is forgivable, but its dissemination under cover of information can be a social peril.

Singapore

HAN SUYIN

'BAD MARK, MR EDITOR'

I have read Koestler's book of revelation on India and Japan, and your two articles on it. Every word you printed is true. But is that pathetic volume worth all the space you gave to it? You profess to run a periodical that is devoted to Eastern culture. Koestler's book is neither Eastern nor cultured. It is a prize example of ultra-Western anti-Spirit. It should be ignored, not advertised by long refutations.

I am sure other readers will agree with me: you should print articles by spokesmen of Eastern civilization, and by Westerners who understand and can interpret it. In previous issues you have shown that such Westerners exist in profusion. I do not buy *Eastern Horizon* to read about Western Oracles.

Bad mark, Mr Editor. Stand in a corner for a while, and then get on with the job. (Or were you on holiday when the last issue was prepared?)

K. S.

Sydney, Australia

'IT MADE ME VERY NOSTALGIC'

It is good to see from month to month the magazine taking shape and beginning to blossom as it is doing, and I am glad to receive the New Year issue with colour photographs of the Shaohsing Opera in Hong Kong. I have spent so many delightful hours in Shanghai and Peking and elsewhere in China at the Opera, and the sudden sight of this little portfolio made me very nostalgic.

NIGEL CAMERON

London

JOSS AND MMP

A friend sent me your New Year issue with Joss's sketches of Macao. I know—and, in a small way, collect—his work. I know that he was ill, and unable to draw or paint for several years.

Now, in the East, he got back all he ever had, and he has received more, and is still receiving. To great skill and achievement in drawing is now added mellowness. I can feel

the earth under the feet of the Chinese women dragging a heavy load, the gay gentle forward movement of the two girls singing on a stage. I am happy for him, I am happy for you.

I have shown my copy of *Eastern Horizon* to some stolid Swiss. Your Modern Marco Polo may not have enjoyed their company. They enjoy his writings. We shall all be looking forward to every issue of your review. Will it be obtainable in Swiss book shops?

D. MOHR

Schärenmoosstrasse 3,
Zürich-Seebach,
Switzerland

EH IS A MUST?

As life gets busier and more complex we attempt to cut down reading to a minimum, especially as so much that is printed is neither informative nor recreational, but merely time wasting. We could hardly avoid some anguish when *Eastern Horizon* arrived, especially as it soon became apparent that this was a *must*. If I have been a long time before writing to acknowledge your kindness in sending copies to me perhaps it was a secret hope that the magazine would turn out to be of little value after all, but each new copy gets better than the last, and there is nothing for it but to add your monthly to the reading list, receiving in return not only pleasure but widening horizons, particularly, of course, eastern one.

There is available in the United Kingdom little current literature about the Far East that is readable. With notable exceptions, much of it is either too conservative and out of touch, or so closely involved that the language becomes almost entirely technical (some would call it jargon) so that the reader finds it as dull and meaningless as you, dear Editor, would find a chemistry text-book. What a tremendous opportunity there is for you to fill the gap. Each number shows that you are doing just this. My congratulations and best wishes.

WILLIAM G. SEWELL

Kew Gardens,
Richmond, Surrey,
England

FROM MICHAEL SULLIVAN

I have just read with great interest the article by Li K'o-jan on landscape painting, which appeared in the October issue of *Eastern Horizon*

With my good wishes for the success of your enterprise.

MICHAEL SULLIVAN

School of Oriental and African Studies,
London

'VARIED AND INTERESTING'

A friend has lent me a complete run of all the back issues of *Eastern Horizon* and I read them with great pleasure. The result was that I took out straight away an annual subscription. Congratulations on your very fine magazine! You had big names appearing in print; the subject matter was varied and interesting; the reproduction of photos was good. There were a few typographical errors in some of the early issues but I'm sure that they will get less as time goes by.

LEON COMBER

Singapore

EASTERN HORIZON IN ISRAEL

Enclosed please find my review of the first 3 issues of *Eastern Horizon*. It was published in my weekly column 'Asian Literature' in the Hebrew Daily *Omer* (Tel-Aviv, Jan. 6, 1961). Beneath it we published three excerpts from your introductory article, translated into Hebrew of course.

Under separate cover, I am mailing the complete issue of the Daily, including the above mentioned review. I hope that you will find somebody who is able to translate the Hebrew into English. If not, we shall do our best to send you an English translation.

We shall be glad to keep touch with you and with your very well-edited, interesting and inspiring Monthly.

Dr Dov Nov,
Director,

Ethnological Museum
and Folklore Archives

19 Arlosoroff Street,
Haifa

FROM HEMISPHERE, SYDNEY

Would it be possible to arrange an exchange of magazine? A copy of *Hemisphere* is enclosed, and we shall send a few others by ordinary post.

Hemisphere is produced in the Commonwealth Office of Education. Our readership is partly in Australia and partly in Asia.

We do make considerable use of art-work and here I would be very glad of your help if you could give it to me . . .

SELWYN SPEIGHT,
Editor,
Hemisphere

Sydney,
Australia

EASTERN HORIZON

monthly review

To our New Readers:

A limited number of copies of back issues are still available at our Editorial Offices, 155 Wongneichong Road, Happy Valley, Hong Kong. Place your orders NOW!

Number 1 includes:

Joseph Needham	<i>The Dialogue of Europe and Asia</i>
A. C. Scott	<i>Cheongsam: Invention of the Devil?</i>
Mulk Raj Anand	<i>The Brothers (a short story)</i>

Number 2 includes:

Han Suyin	<i>Social Changes in Asia</i>
Edmund Blunden	<i>China in English Literature</i>
G. M. Glaskin	<i>The Gollywog (a short story)</i>

Number 3 includes:

Herbert Read	<i>Transformation in China</i>
Takeshi Saito	<i>Meeting of Different Cultures</i>
K. A. Abbas	<i>The Boy who Moved a Mountain</i>

Number 4 includes:

Keith M. Buchanan	<i>Understanding Asia</i>
Li Ko-yan	<i>On Landscape Painting</i>
S. C. Edirisinghe	<i>Dance and Magic Drama in Ceylon</i>

Number 5 includes:

A Modern Marco Polo	<i>An Asian Views Life in Britain</i>
John Blofeld	<i>Ch'an, Zen or Dhyāna</i>
Robin Maneely	<i>The Discovery of Peking Man</i>

Numbers 6/7 includes:

Joseph Needham	<i>Archaeology in China</i>
Edmund Blunden	<i>An Oriental Paradise Lost</i>
Cheng Chen-to	<i>Sung Dynasty Painting</i>

Number 8 includes:

Dana Stovickova	<i>What is Acupuncture?</i>
Lewis Bush	<i>Sightseeing (a short story)</i>
Frederick Joss	<i>Search for Jin-Song</i>

EASTERN DIARY

'If we want our children to grow up to be good citizens in a peaceful world, East and West must meet,' Lord Montgomery wrote recently.

He calls for leadership in the West, and for the courage to face facts.

Said Lord Montgomery, 'The foreign policy of the United States in Europe, and in Asia, has been based on illusions

... Probably the greatest illusion of all is . . . that the true Government of China is in Formosa . . . The foreign policy of China is based on the domestic issue—the building up of the People's Republic to become a great and powerful nation, for which purpose peace is essential.'

'Monty' wants East and West to meet: 'There are some who say that the West should have nothing to do with the Communist world; that it is not possible to believe anything they say; and that their written word cannot be trusted. This thinking can lead eventually only to all-out nuclear war.'

For many years, he said, it has been clear to him that, in the long run, the key to the peace of the world lies in China. The rise of the new China could be for the general benefit of mankind. 'But a major factor in bringing this about is that the Western world should make an effort to understand the new China now, and especially that our leader, the United States, should cease to quarrel with her.'

Quarrel? One would call that word a euphemism.

The awareness of Asia is growing. People in Europe and elsewhere are be-

ginning to be more interested in Asian developments—in the cultural field, at least. A good sign. But is this sufficient?

'We in London, Washington and other Western capitals do not sufficiently comprehend the importance of Asia in contemporary affairs. We pay considerable heed to what the Governments in Delhi, Peking and elsewhere in the Orient think and say; but do we pay enough heed? I have often felt concerned on visits to London in recent years at the British public's preoccupation with events and policies in America and Europe, and their comparative lack of interest in the great developments and upheavals occurring in Asia,' said Mr Malcolm MacDonald, High Commissioner for the U.K. in India (1955-1960), writing recently in the London *Observer*.

The ex-High Commissioner and author believes the British have sometimes been too anxious to reach agreement with the United States and other Western allies at the cost of misunderstandings with their non-aligned friends in Asia. And he thinks what happens in the next decade or two will very likely have a decisive effect on the fate of the whole human race. His reasons are: A majority of the people on earth live in Asia and they are bound, by sheer weight of numbers, to have a colossal influence on the affairs of the world. This influence will be all the greater because of the quality of some of the Asian races. 'For example, a ceaseless succession of cultures has thrived on the Indian sub-continent for countless centuries . . . Again, the Chinese have maintained their remarkable civilization more or less continuously for a few thousand years, and the present-day Chinese

are at least as healthy, industrious, productive and able as any people living round the globe. Nor are the smaller Asian nations lacking in fine natural gifts.'

These remarks from a distinguished man who has spent 'fifteen years of interesting and happy life in the East' are worth noting. But it's a pity that Mr Malcolm MacDonald seems to be concerned only whether the 'non-aligned' Asians will 'go Communist.'

Usually, when you meet your friend in the street, you don't worry whether he goes east or west. Or do you?

The Dutch seem not altogether unanimous about what to do with the western part of New Guinea, or West Irian (as the Indonesians call it).

A friend who has just returned from that fantastic piece of the East told me that only a few weeks ago an American-Dutch consortium was formed to exploit the rich nickel deposits in the disputed area. The giant firm U. S. Steel, which had been granted prospecting rights by the Dutch Government years ago, had struck it rich, and invited three leading Dutch companies, who had previously mined the ores of Biliton and Borneo, to take a half share in the lucrative mining. W. H. Muller of Rotterdam, the East Borneo Maatschappij of Amsterdam, and the Netherlands Trading Society of the same city, have now signed on the dotted line. The consortium has formally applied to the Hague for the necessary concession to start work on a large scale. The latest word is that the concession may be granted any moment now.

My friend asked a well-informed Dutchman if his Government and the firms concerned were aware that in the event of Indonesia taking over the disputed area the consortium's position may be similar to that of other Dutch or partly-

Dutch interests on Indonesian soil, and if it was the avowed policy of the Government in the Hague to give all possible protection to Dutch interests. 'That is no unreasonable assumption,' replied the helpful Dutchman.

But on the same day on which I received this news I read in the papers that the Dutch Government was ready to hand over West Irian to a three-power trusteeship in which Holland would not be represented. Djakarta has insisted that after a year or two the trustees should hand over the area to Indonesia. In these circumstances—nothing to do with nickel or U.S. cash—the Dutch Government has regretfully to hang on to their colonial burden in the East.

Next month *Eastern Horizon* will print a topical news-letter from New Guinea.

A new wave of anti-Chang demonstrations broke out in Seoul yesterday, according to Reuter. About 10,000 Koreans held a rally in the city plaza, demanding jobs. Street demonstrations followed. Earlier last night, about 100 young men, mostly shoeblocks and orphans, clashed with police in front of Bando Hotel, the residence of the South Korean Premier, Dr John M. Chang.

Here are some news items from the South Korean press—I did not see any quoted in the newspapers of the 'Free World':

'During March 6, 7, 8, and 9 the ROK Army held Riot Control Exercises in the capital city and elsewhere. Army spokesman warned the population of troop movements.'

'During Health Checking of ROK Army veterans at Chunju, capital of Cholla Puktu province, a war cripple died while receiving examination. 800 war cripples carried the body through the streets, shouting: "Don't treat us like animals—we got wounded fighting for the nation".'

'The Kwangju authorities have thrown strong police cordons around Government grain

stores, to prevent their being stormed by food-short farmers. In Cholla Namdo province alone, 96,702 farmers are starving, according to the provincial government.'

'4,328 tons of cement and 2,010 board feet of timber, all supplied under American Aid, have become unusable owing to "delayed disposal" and faulty storage, at the ports of Inchon and Pusan, according to the Office of Supply.'

'Three orphans of the Chaesaengwon Orphanage, Kudo, Cholla Namdo, have appealed to the police for relief action, saying that out of 250 orphans 13 starved and froze to death recently. They also complained that the orphans were forced to perform heavy labour in freezing weather without food.'

My friend Frederick Joss met his bride Jin-Song in a South Korean country orphanage, where she worked as a teacher and sick-nurse at a salary of less than one pound a month. Orphans and staff were allowed three U.S. cents a day per head for their complete maintenance. In this issue he continues the story of his marriage to a heroic and self-effacing Korean woman.

While the world 'faces the prospects of deeper U.S. involvement in Laos,' as high officials in Washington disclosed, let's hear what an American correspondent has to say on the Laos situation.

Keyes Beech of the Chicago *Daily News* reports from Vientiane: When the history is written, the United States is foreordained to be the villain of the Laotian drama. The United States came to Laos, he says, bloated with money, and further corrupted an already corrupted government. It created a whole new class of millionaires. Then it shoved the French aside, bringing in soldiers in slacks and sport shirts to teach the Laotians how to fight with the American arms which were so lavishly supplied. Washington spent \$320 million exclusive

of military hardware, five-sixths of the cash on an Army which, according to Beech, 'couldn't fight its way out of a pillow case.'

And the United States did it all by itself. Not one of its Western allies—Britain, France and Australia included—wanted to overthrow the neutralist Laotian Premier, Prince Souvanna Phouma.

He quotes an American official in Laos: 'We've tried every alternative here but one.' 'What's that?' somebody asked. 'Leaving them alone,' replied the official.

Time has changed. So, it seems, has the definition of neutrality. Neutrality, in the New Frontier era, is no longer 'immoral' (as Dulles once defined it); it is 'deeper U.S. involvement.' See the difference?

'One reason why I came to Hong Kong is that I adore Chinese food,' says a young lady who has just arrived here from Europe. A good enough reason.

Chinese food has become very popular in London, Paris as well as in many other cities in Europe. There were only three Chinese restaurants in London before the war. Now there are 278. And there are more than 1,000 in Britain.

I wonder how good old Lee Fook is getting on. He used to run a tiny little restaurant at Pennyfields, near East India Dock Road. A Cantonese, he married an English woman. Of course, the wife couldn't speak a word of Chinese, nor the husband a word of English. They carried on, however, just as well and made many friends among Londoners. When I first went to their place years ago, they took me to be a sailor and asked the name of my ship; for most of their Chinese customers were sailors. The historic Limehouse area, I heard, is being pulled down to make way for new flats. Old Lee Fook may have closed his shop or moved somewhere else.

Liu Pengju

ON MANY HORIZONS

news and views

Bees Can Talk?

An Austrian professor says bees can talk but Italian bees speak a different language to that of Austrian bees.

Professor Karl von Prisch added that unlike their human compatriots, Italian bees were not temperamental. He said a bee told its comrades where food could be found by an elaborate dance—it pointed its hind parts towards the sun and wagged them right or left to indicate the distance. The Austrian bee made a very lively dance, but the Italian bee was slower and more delicate.

'Indian bees, which are really another race, are much more primitive in their language. They cannot say where the food is, they just get excited and their comrades realize there is food available and off they go,' he added.

S. C. M. Post (H.K.) Special,
Vienna, Mar. 12

Four Wives?—No!

The Pakistan Government handed out some startling news today to its 35 million Muslim men.

It was in the form of a law forbidding a Muslim to have more than one wife—instead of the customary four—at a time.

The law, which was signed by President Ayub Khan, provides tough penalties for the abuse of polygamy. Should a Muslim want to take a second wife, he must first get permission from an arbitration council, to be formed for the purpose, and permission will be granted only in exceptional circumstances. Should a love-lorn Muslim attempt to bypass the council he can be jailed for a year or fined 5,000 rupees or both.

AP, Karachi, Mar. 2

Four Wives?—Impossible

The Indonesian Minister of Religious Affairs, Inche Wahib Wahab, said today it would be 'quite impossible' for a man to have four wives according to the Muslim law.

He said according to Islam a man could marry four wives only if he could share everything equally among them. The 'four wives' rule was started at a time when prolonged war had

reduced the male Muslim population as to be outnumbered by women, but the rule was misinterpreted by many people to suit their own wicked purposes.

He said he would soon start a bill in his country making it possible only for a man to marry four wives if he could share whatever he owned equally among the wives.

Reuter, Kuala Lumpur, Mar. 9

Troops Open Fire in Rangoon

Burmese troops opened fire on demonstrators, estimated at 10,000, outside the US embassy in Rangoon today, seriously wounding five persons. Police sources said the troop firing brought the total number seriously injured to 40. (According to AFP, two people were killed and 53 wounded.)

The demonstration was in protest against the dropping of arms and ammunition, bearing US markings, to Chinese Nationalist troops on the Burma-Siamese border. It was the biggest anti-American demonstration ever seen in Burma.

AP, Rangoon, Feb. 21

Oldest Human Bones Found

Dr L. S. B. Leakey, a famed British anthropologist, announced yesterday discovery of what he described as the earliest 'human' yet known to science—and estimated the age at considerably more than 600,000 years.

The scientist, curator of the Coryndon Museum in Nairobi, Kenya, said the record-old bones were found during the past year in the Olduvai Gorge region of Tanganyika, one of the world's richest anthropological sites.

He declared at a news conference preceding a National Geographic Society lecture that the new bone finds indicate humans considerably older in historic time than the 600,000-year-old "Nutcracker man"—*zinjanthropus*—whose bones Leakey discovered in 1959.

AP, Washington, Feb. 25

Crime Wave in Japan

With the approach of spring, Japan was gripped by a crime wave that made headlines today.

Police reported making sweeping raids over the week-end on Tokyo's sin-ridden Shinjuku area where they seized 172 persons dealing in narcotics. They also reported today arresting a 12-member ring of thieves that had been stealing subway equipment since January from a construction site. The loss valued at two million yen is said to have delayed construction of the subway by three months.

AP, Tokyo, Mar. 5

Search for Chinese Brides

Nine out of ten overseas Chinese in the United States have returned to Hong Kong and China to select their brides after they failed to find here the type of girls they want to marry.

Reasons are multiple. One reason is that there were six young men to one young woman among the Chinese population in New York city in the early '50s, according to unofficial statistics. Observers say it remains more or less the same. Culture is another reason. Those young men who immigrated to the United States find that they and local Chinese girls just don't match as far as cultural standard is concerned.

Asked why he returned to Hong Kong to get married, one educated overseas Chinese shrugged and replied, 'I just couldn't find the right girl here.' He said he dated American and local Chinese girls. 'But we don't see eye to eye. We differ in philosophy. The local girls are too much Americanised. In my opinion, they are not the type of good housewives I was looking for.'

UPI, San Francisco, Mar. 5

Malayan Chinese Girls & European Husbands

A Member of Parliament, Geh Ching Keat, who had just returned from a tour of the US and Europe said today many parents in Britain had the impression that Chinese girls in this country would 'do anything to win European husbands.'

'Apparently these parents thought Malaya was very short of bachelors,' he said.

Mr Geh said he had told British women that some girls might have fallen in love with 'the Western etiquette of opening car doors for women. In Malaya we seldom bother so much about standing up when introduced to girls or drawing up chairs for them.'

'Malayan girls are not at all keen on English husbands,' he added.

Reuter, Penang, Mar. 6

Indonesia Breaks Contact with Holland

The Indonesian Government has asked Britain to terminate representing the interests of the Netherlands in Indonesia, a Foreign Ministry spokesman announced today.

The decision, effective immediately, was taken 'because Indonesia wants no more dealings with the Dutch,' the spokesman said.

Djakarta broke off diplomatic relations with the Netherlands last August.

The Government had also asked the United Arab Republic to terminate representation of Indonesia in the Netherlands, the spokesman added.

The complete break in diplomatic relations follows Indonesian claims of Dutch military reinforcements in the disputed territory of West Irian (West New Guinea).

AP, Djakarta, Mar. 10

Chinese Export Commodities Fair to Open

Mr Liu Chun-chiao, Director of the Chinese Export Commodities Exhibition Hall, said in an interview during the weekend that the amount of food exported by China was only about five per cent of her production. He was commenting on criticism abroad that China was exporting food needed to feed her own people.

Mr Liu also said that China would have fewer agricultural products available to sell abroad at the export commodities fair opening here on April 15. He said crop losses caused by natural calamities during the past year had decreased the amount of food and other agricultural products being offered for sale abroad, but it was hoped that more industrial goods and minerals would be available.

During the train journey from Peking to South China, Reuters correspondent saw that early crops of vegetables and grains are already up in regions south of the Yangtze River, and are being harvested in many places. Vegetables can be seen being distributed to crowds in several cities in eastern and southern China and large loads are sitting alongside northbound tracks at village railway stations.

Reuter, Canton, Mar. 6

S. Vietnam Receives Malayan Arms

The South Vietnam Government has notified the International Control Commission about the 'gift' of arms and police equipment it received from Malaya, according to a press release issued by the South Vietnamese Legation here today.

The arms, comprising 65,475 Sten guns, 836 pistols, 100 police scout cars and a quantity of ammunition were shipped to Saigon recently from Port Swettenham near Kuala Lumpur.

AFP, Kuala Lumpur, Mar. 9

Population of Hong Kong

The Census Commissioner, Mr ... M. A. Barnett, said yesterday that, according to returns so far received, the total land and sea population of Hong Kong is expected to come to just under 3,100,000.

S. C. Sunday Post-Herald,
Hong Kong, Mar. 12

Demonstration by PI Students

Some 3,000 students of the University of the Philippines demonstrated in Congress today, disrupting a House Committee on Anti-Filipino Activities hearing.

UPI, Manila, Mar. 14

Employment Situation in US

The Secretary of Labour, Mr Arthur J. Goldberg, yesterday said that 'although some indices may continue to improve, we may see a worsening of the employment situation (in America) for a few months. It is hard to say when employment will pick up.'

The Secretary said that although last month in the US there were 64,700,000 people employed, a monthly record, there were 5,705,000 unemployed. 'That figure does not include 1,300,000 who work only part-time when employed,' he added.

AP, Chicago, Mar. 15

Tear Gas—a Booming Industry

With all the strife in the world, business is booming in the tear gas industry.

'The times create the market in this business,' Mr Edmund Warner, president of one of the world's three full-time tear gas manufacturing companies, told the *Wall Street Journal*. 'Right now we are being hard-pressed to meet deadlines on urgent orders from five foreign countries.' Mr Warner is President of the Lake Erie Chemical Company of Cleveland, Ohio, which one source said increased sales 30 per cent between 1957 and 1959 and scored another 20 per cent gain in the second half of 1960 over a comparable period in 1959.

Mr Charles A. Kiernan, Sales Director of Federal Laboratories Incorporated, said his company had doubled its sales of tear gas in the

last 10 years because of political disturbances.

The American firms said their only competition comes from Pyrotechnische Fabriken of West Germany.

AP, New York, Mar. 15

Something Lived Elsewhere?

Three scientists today claimed that their analysis of a 97-year-old meteorite provided the first physical evidence of organic life forms elsewhere in the universe.

The scientists—Dr Bartholomew Nagy and Douglas Hennessy of Fordham University and Dr Warren Meinschein of Esso Research Company—reported on their analysis at a meeting of the New York Academy of Sciences.

Fragments of the stony meteorite fell near Orgueil, France, on May 14, 1864. The three men used advanced techniques of infra-red and ultra-violet spectrometers, X-ray diffraction and high molecular weight mass spectroscopy. They reported that they detected organic compounds, specifically hydrocarbons, which they interpreted as indicating life. Their analysis of the hydrocarbons indicated that they were similar to those occurring in living matter on earth. Dr Meinschein said, 'We believe that wherever this meteorite originated, something lived.'

Reuter, New York, Mar. 17

Witchcraft in West Germany

About 10,000 West Germans are estimated to be still practising various forms of witchcraft or black magic, and for most it is a profitable business.

This was stated at a recent conference at the Hamburg Evangelical Academy, where theologians and scientists discussed superstition in modern Germany.

A Hamburg teacher, Mr Johann Kruse, who has made a special study of modern witchcraft said there were still shops where 'Dragon's Blood' or 'Devil's Dung' were offered for sale.

Mr Kruse gave the conference many examples of people described as witches being ostracised and even threatened in modern West Germany.

China Mail (H.K.) Special,
Hamburg, Mar. 19

How to be a Successful Man?

A successful man, according to the Rev. Henry Halsey of London, must 'have the strength of a horse, the hide of an elephant, the eye of a hawk, the wisdom of a serpent, the harmlessness of a dove . . . he must be a miniature zoo.'

UPI, London, Mar. 9

Cuban Impressions

Cedric Belfrage

IN November 1492 three sailboat-loads of Spaniards, commanded by an inspired lunatic named Columbus who insisted it was China, found mild nude people puffing cigars and playing ball in the fragrant groves of Cuba. The Havana cigar made this long Caribbean island's name known everywhere; but save for a brief flurry over the chess wizard Capablanca, no other Cuban product attracted global attention till 1959. Now, in 1961, a Cuban's name is known and passionately discussed around the world, and many believe Fidel Castro is one of the outstanding men in history.

Recent events in Africa, and now in Latin America where Cuba holds the spotlight, have exposed the 'educated Westerner' in his grotesquely parochial underwear. We are suddenly startled by a Fidel Castro, yet a glance at Cuba's history shows that he and his unorthodox revolution are in the logical sequence of events. Cubans quickly recognized and followed him as the successor to Martí, the 'apostle' liberator of their country (from Spain) whose slogans Fidel has caused to come true. If, as I suggest, the average 'educated Westerner' has never even heard of Martí—poet, scholar and revolutionary whose distinguished works considerably out-bulk Shakespeare's—then 'the West' was surely asking for the shock it received.

Cuba's revolution has been moving so fast that, while any adequate appraisal

calls for a full-length book, the book would be out of date before it appeared. I can only offer notes and impressions of a few weeks spent here, including the period of crisis when the USA—separated from Cuba by a hundred-odd miles of ocean—broke relations and seemed about to attack.

First Impressions

Typical of the impertinence of David-Cuba defying Goliath-USA, lights clear across Havana airport spell out in red: CUBA — FREE TERRITORY OF AMERICA. Papered and scrawled with slogans in the fiery but jaunty Fidelista manner, the revolutionary capital astonishes you with its material signs of wealth. Plush skyscraper hotels and country clubs, finned Detroit monstrosities endlessly streaming down noble avenues—burning, at perhaps 10 or 12 miles to the gallon, petrol that must all come from Baku . . . These are the legacies, with which the revolution must make do for now, from Batista's torture-chamber 'republic.' The 'republic,' with its pauperized mass and its small class prospering as agents for the US interests that owned it, ran on graft. The big graft was in big buildings—no matter if they were needed or not.

Culturally, intense activity and an impression of surprisingly wide open doors . . . Low-priced State Publishing House

books—world classics, varied current reading and translations of 'Carlos Marx'—on sale at every other street corner . . . A new bustle in the theatre—Arthur Miller, Chekhov, Brecht, revivals of almost-forgotten Afro-Cuban folk music and dance . . . 'People's' and children's art shows, chamber music, readings by poets of Latin America . . . Movies—everything from Monroe and Bardot to *Grand Illusion* to made-in-Moscow Shakespeare . . .

Television, radio, newspapers and magazines are all high-geared to the revolution—but the newspapers are not government-owned, receive no subsidies, and must pay their way or die. Richly subsidized under Batista, the press was then one of the big rackets of Cuba, some papers are now over-shrill, intoxicated by red ink and mile-high headline type; but blood-and-sex sensationalism is out and there is thoughtful world-oriented handling of news.

At corners and outside main buildings young militiamen and women stand guard with automatic weapons. If you smile at them, they invariably smile back. Even enemies of the revolution admit that the streets of Havana, long notorious for violence and vice, are safe for men, women and children by day or night.

Tourists

FORMERLY known as 'the Paris of the Caribbean,' Havana used to swarm with *Norteamericanos* (the Cubans insist on accurate use of the term 'American') in pursuit of winter sunshine, wide-open gambling and *muchachas* (girls). The loss of this income was an economic blow. A new thin-bankrolled type started flying in from New York and Miami—to see the revolution—but that is finished too unless the Kennedy administration withdraws its predecessor's ban on travel to Cuba. The luxury hotels, some taken over by the government, are half empty and half filled with Cubans at slashed

rates. Gambling casinos still in operation help pass the time for wealthy Cubans who lost their businesses but didn't join the émigré rush to Florida.

A new era opened in January with the first arrival of Soviet tourists—extraordinary specimens to their hosts, whose contact with Europeans has been almost confined to Spaniards. To the Russians the ambiance of Havana was equally bizarre, with its Coca Cola drugstores, dimlit cocktail bars and external 'way of life' so broadly US-influenced. But as reported by a Cuban who took some Russians to a nude night-club show, all except one—a correct Young Communist who refused to look at the epidermis—wondered: 'Why don't we have something like this back home?'

Now a 'curtain'-piercing airline between Havana and Prague begins to take tourists in both directions to compare revolutions and 'ways of life.' One returning Cuban pioneer has reported enthusiastically on many aspects of the USSR, less so on others—such as the coffee, the architecture and the constant pressure to consume vodka. (Cubans are mild drinkers.) He says that when the Cubans mentioned the Soviet government's anti-vodka campaign, their Russian hosts replied cheerily: 'Let's drink to the campaign!'

Nothing fills Washington with more alarm than the vision of Russians, Czechs and such types pouring into the Western hemisphere via Cuba. What would President Monroe say? But contacts between Eastern and Western revolutionary 'styles' could have a salubrious effect on both; and perhaps—why not?—on Washington too.

The Fidelista 'Style'

The Capitol in Havana, with its dome *à la Yanqui*, is closed for business because no parliament exists to use it. Cuba's totally corrupt electoral system brought it one of history's bloodiest tyrannies; and

even some businessmen who lost heavily from the revolution marvel at the 'Western' obsession with elections as being the essence and *sine qua non* of democracy. While the re-opening of parliament is indefinitely postponed, the building is used for such purposes as a pure-bred-cattle exhibit and fair. 'Cows,' a Fidelista comments wryly, 'are in our view more progressive than Congressmen. They give milk.'

Sign over reception desk in a government-expropriated hotel: 'It is requested that all war criminals who intend to take possession of this property should come well accompanied and bring their wills.'

One of the three 'top pop' revolutionary songs—the special favourite of Cuban school children:

*The Norteamericanos
Say Fidel is comunista—
They don't say that Batista
Killed twenty thousand Cubans.
If Fidel is comunista
Then put me on the lista
For I'm a Fidelista—
CUBA SI! YANQUIS NO!*

Those Yanquis

How real was the threat of invasion from the USA in the first half of January, Allan Dulles of Central Intelligence could but doesn't tell; but the US press itself has given the details of Washington's arming and training of Cuban counter-revolutionary forces in Florida and Guatemala.

Considering the apparent imminence of the menace, the Cuban attitude toward *Norteamericanos* as people has been and is remarkable when one recalls the British and US treatment of Germans and Japanese at the outset of the world wars. Nobody here thinks it odd when the Stars and Stripes is borne through the streets among other American flags in a fraternal society procession. At a Presidential reception on the night when Washington broke relations, hundreds of *Norteamericanos*—unchecked, for an open invitation

went out to every US tourist in town—mingled freely with Cuba's leaders. Everywhere there has been a special friendliness for them—for Cubans always liked the ordinary *Norteamericano* and they refuse to believe he will be hostile if only he sees the new Cuba for himself. They think he has been deliberately deceived by his own government and information media about the revolution, which to them is no different in essence from the 13 colonies' revolution against England. Patrick Henry cried: 'Give me liberty or give me death!' Fidel cries: 'Patria o muerte!' (Fatherland or death.)

Women and children are mutilated by time-bombs left in department store lavatories; arms are dropped to counter-revolutionary bands, who hang an unarmed 18-years-old school teacher from a tree. For such acts Cubans hold 'the Yanquis' responsible, and still they are more sad than angry—though they are angry. The government remains one thing for them, the people another.

They are determinedly optimistic that the Almighty has endowed President Kennedy with some common sense, and that under him US policies toward Latin America will be radically changed. One thing is sure: if they aren't changed, Cuba's example will soon set the continent ablaze.

Fidel

Is Fidel Castro really a *comunista*? Millions of *Norteamericanos* have 'bought it,' but the position of almost all Cubans is expressed in the song. Fidel is doing for Cuba what has to be done, and the people see and reap the benefits; everyone knows his government won't tolerate any form of corruption; and his frank explanations of each step not only sound, but turn out to be, the truth. Wiser than Washington propagandists, Cuban bishops refrain from the direct charge but press Fidel to affirm or deny the statement that 'to be anti-Communist is

to be against the revolution.' Fidel replies: 'Yes—to be anti-Communist, anti-Catholic or anything else that divides our people is to be against the revolution.' (The staff of a nationalized US bank in Havana liked that so much that they put it up in lights in the window.)

Washington's yells of 'Communist!' at Fidel have only served to discount, for Cubans, every statement and position of the US government. Fidel has, in fact, performed the unique feat of uniting in action all the Left and Nationalist factions, without any one of them feeling itself favoured or discriminated against. The action has almost submerged the factions.

Fidel never talks ideology in the abstract, only in connection with what needs doing. Foreign observers generally agree with the Cuban view of his greatness. His energy is fantastic—and catching: he and his group of young *Comandantes* at the various state helms go through the week with never more than snatches of sleep. Quite fearless, a stranger to pomposity and condescension, Fidel's warm personality carries all before it yet makes any 'personality cult' impossible. He never seems to speak *to* the people, but for and with them, evoking their latent genius. Breaking every rule for a Prime Minister's behaviour, he rarely appears in his office and it is practically hopeless to make an appointment with him. He is all over the island, turning up unexpectedly in the remotest places to lend a hand on a job or with advice. Meanness and pettiness seem to dissolve at his approach, and the people become excited and radiant.

Cuban and other Latin American Communists admire him without reservation, but have sometimes been scared that he was going farther or faster or taking more risks than Marxist orthodoxy could justify. Fidel has been a keen student of socialist literature—he is a very well-read man—but would probably have said with Karl Marx: 'Thank God I'm not a Marxist.'

The other night he strode (as he is wont to do) into the de luxe Havana Libre hotel, had dinner with the help in the kitchen, and sat till dawn with a group of Latin American revolutionaries in the lobby. He had just delivered one of his three-hour extemporaneous speeches, but his mind was as clear as if he had just risen from a night's sleep. Answering one among hundreds of questions, he estimated that it would take 1,200 men with the right approach to overturn every tyranny on the continent.

A man who, starting with 12 rebels on a mountain top, destroyed Batista and his big streamlined army, is hard to argue with. The \$64 question remains whether Fidel's methods can work without a Fidel—and nobody else has produced one.

The Armed People

As to whether Fidel is a dictator, the answer seems simple from here. The 'regular army' and soldiering as a career have been abolished—the drably-uniformed 'rebel army' builds houses in between rehearsals against attack—and the whole people have been armed as a militia. During the January emergency, Havana and all Cuba bristled with modern weapons in the hands of workers and peasants. Having armed the people with guns, Fidel proceeds to arm them with that other most deadly weapon against dictators—knowledge.

From Batista, revolutionary Cuba inherited some two million illiterates (31% of the population) and a deficiency of more than 10,000 classrooms on the elementary level alone. By the end of 1961, the 'Year of Education,' the classrooms will all have been provided and illiteracy will be wiped out, mainly by citizen volunteers teaching neighbours to read and write. Spending for education—most of which formerly went on graft—is now shifted to the rural areas where the need is greatest. Fired by Fidel's spirit, fully understanding why, the more

advanced youth of Cuba take to the hills with a load of primers and pencils as on high adventure.

One of the most potent Fidel slogans, seen wherever you go, is: 'The Revolution turns barracks into schools.' This is already true of every camp from which Batista's soldiers and torturers held the people down. For design, construction and beauty, the great symbolically-located 'school cities' of Cuba are unexcelled anywhere.

'If It Comes to Dying . . .'

IN Santiago, capital of backward Oriente province where the rebellion began, the guide dramatizes what has happened by first showing the Martí memorial. It is flanked by stones with the 'apostle's' sayings: 'Liberty is the definitive religion,' 'Dignity never dies,' 'Only love builds,' 'Government must be born of the people.' A newly-built 'Martyrs Wall,' containing ashes of Cuban boys mowed down by Batista's police in the streets of Santiago, heightens the cynicism of the memorial in terms of the pre-revolutionary days when it was erected. At its very foot, tourists began the stroll through an incredible slum of collapsing boards and bits of tin, in which a human swarm rotted physically and mentally—until Fidel.

By the end of 1961, all the slum people will at last know dignity in the new housing project along the road, where hundreds are already living. (Cuba is covered with similar projects built and building.) Paved sidewalks, trees and flowers, a fabulous school and playground, bright roomy houses varied in colour and style with up-to-the-minute bathrooms and kitchens and new furniture. Heads of slum families, who never had regular work before, help 'rebel army' men in the building and acquire skills as they do so. 'If it comes to dying for this,' says one, 'we'll die . . .' You hear that said all over Cuba—in new

farms blossoming on previously unused land, in sugar plantation-mills taken from giant US corporations, in factories whose walls proclaim 'This industry has no masters'—and the speaker generally carries a gun.

How is it done? The economic and technical complexities boil down to this: 'We Cubans have the land, and it is rich; we have the tools and machinery, or while waiting to get them for our sugar we'll use those we have; we need something, so we build it. If we don't know how, we learn. Revolution is to build, Fidel says.'

Chinese, Russians & All That

Cubans are of all shades from pure white to pure black. Their beliefs run from Catholicism and every brand of Protestantism to atheism, with a sizeable Jewish community and a scattering of oriental creeds. And in my fairly broad experience, Cuba is the most tolerant land on earth. A person's skin colour is never mentioned, presumably because it is never noticed. In certain quarters attempts are made to foment 'religious' hostility to the revolution, but Fidel laughs them off by asking: 'What has agrarian reform to do with the mystery of the Holy Trinity?' In fervently Fidelista homes one is as likely as not to find a Virgin in the living-room corner.

Efforts to stir up intolerance toward Russians, Chinese and other 'curtain' peoples fare little better. Cubans take them as they come, without prejudice. In certain Havana cocktail bars notable for their lack of revolutionary slogans, this is a standard opening gambit to a foreigner: 'I used to like Fidel before he got mixed up with those Russians. It should be "Cuba Si, Russos No!"' The general view is and remains: 'They are friendly, and they help us.'

Everyone knows—and none better than the moaners at the bars—that without the Russians and Chinese the revolu-

tion would already be 'up the creek.' To the ordinary Cuban a great Soviet tanker discharging oil at the docks is a comforting sight. The same goes for a Chinese seen in the streets, because the people know China has made a \$70 million loan and its technicians are to instal new factories. Cuba needs the factories to unshackle its economy and end unemployment; the loan is free of interest; who or what, then, is threatened?

The 'Blockade'

A multitude stood before the Presidential palace in Havana on Jan. 19—armed workers called for full-time duty in the emergency, hearing from Fidel that they should return to work but keep their eyes skinned. Within a mile radius, an all-time record number of ships lay in the docks, bringing raw materials, food, merchandise and machinery to Cuba. On the rebuilt pier where the *Coubre* blew up last year, sheds were piled high with 'iron curtain' phosphates and machine parts and an assortment just in from Liverpool—including laboratory glassware and what looked like a ten-year whisky supply for the British Embassy.

About 20-25% of the ships, said port authorities, came from 'curtain' countries; the rest flew free-world flags—Swedish, Dutch, West German, Italian, Canadian, Japanese . . . Longshoremen, their teeth clamped on big cigars as they sweated at their tasks, were a study in exuberant morale. The Cuban revolution seemed to be doing all right—the blustering US Goliath, not so well.

'All Is Changing'

CUBA has only 6½ million people (it has natural wealth enough to support 20 million in comfort when artificial barriers disappear). No one can talk to all of them, but they all want to talk—lack of inhibition is No. 1 in the national

character. Even in Havana where the heritage of the past is strongest, one gets an overwhelming impression of support for the revolution. A Catholic school teacher said to me: 'Like the revolution? I am *enchanted* with it . . . Communism? I don't even know what it is!'

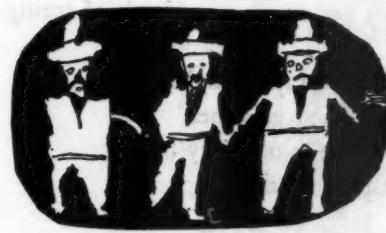
But Cuban equivalents of China's 'people's capitalists'—industrialists accepting the new order and working with it despite personal sacrifices—are rare specimens. I ran across one in Santiago—Jose Espin, the only remaining shareholder-executive of the Bacardí company, makers (now nationalized) of the famous rum. An elegant white-haired gentleman of 58, impeccably business-suited, he carries on contentedly his top job in charge of the company's purchasing.

What of the Bacardí family, who ran the firm and now make the best of things on the profits of its Mexican and Puerto Rican subsidiaries? 'They could come back without any trouble,' says Espin, 'but frankly, the firm doesn't need them.' Like most nationalized enterprises, Bacardí is now managed by a former activist in the anti-Batista student underground. The 23-year-old business graduate doing the job—unidentifiable by dress from one of his workers—says: 'I knew nothing whatever about making and selling rum, but am finding out.' Says Espin: 'He does his work well, is completely honest and has a phenomenal capacity for work.' Bacardí of Cuba is breaking all previous sales records—the USSR alone has ordered 400,000 cases for 1961. Raw materials and machinery, once supplied from the USA, are easily obtained from Europe and Canada. US 'technical experts' have decamped, but the workers get along fine without them. The talk turns to 'the old days,' and the usual stories flow about government corruption and anarchy: police and army officers filling their cars with rum without paying for it, 'suspect' employees of the firm assassinated by 'gangsters in police uniforms . . .'

As for Espin, he is confident of gov-

ernment compensation for the \$500,000 worth of holdings the revolution cost him; meanwhile he lives as before, doing a job he likes for adequate pay. Visiting the USA last year, he told his self-exiled former colleagues how the revolution was doing and found them 'still hoping it would change—but of course it won't.'

Everyone might as well face the fact that a new order is coming in the world—socialist, communist, I don't know just what. All is changing, all the people want a chance to live peacefully, constructively and decently. Well, I don't really know what's wrong with that, do you . . . ?'



Cherry Bloom's Aesthetic Passing

Cherry blooms are mortal,
Bewitching my heart with beauty beyond language.
Cherry Blossoms—they are my own.

Cherry blossoms are words, not colours.
Cherry blossoms are words unknown.
Words tender and still.
Hushed. And too tender to stand.
Cherry blossoms are falling.

Joy throbs in their veins.
They cannot keep still.
Look—they are swaying, garlands of spring.

Dazzling in the rays of light,
Flimsy like silken gossamer,
Like the whimper of milky babes,
Like faint pink blushes.

Like all this they are—blooms of the cherry tree.

Bright blithe spirits—
Are they fading away in their loveliness?

Spring now sings her song aloud.

Cherry blossoms:
On their petals
Floats something shy to be touched
Like man's seed.
Hot, tepid, cold—like a child's gruel.

They are in full glory before they fall.

My fingers grope after the splendour above.
But my hand holds nothing—as in a dream.

The air stirs:
The fragrance wafts away.

Where did it go?
I do not know.



Stress and its Relief

in the West and in the East

A Doctor

THE role of emotional states and of their disturbance in the precipitation and the aggravation of somatic (physical) disease is well recognized, and not only by physicians. Medicine has rediscovered, and formulated in scientific terms, what was known, is felt, by the majority of mankind: that there is an inseparable, close relationship between the body and the morale and personal identification of human beings. Not 'I think, therefore I am,' but 'I feel, and I am as I feel,' is the logic of this instinct in the person. It was Hans Selye, the distinguished Scandinavian scientist, who first drew the attention of the medical world to specific diseases due in the primary instance to mental stress and strain, and these are now known as psychosomatic disorders. But the notion that mind and matter are not separate, that the physical acts on the mental and vice versa, is as old as mankind itself, and as current in Africa, India and China, as it is now in Europe.

Stress, the name for mental disturbance which reacts on the body, is defined as the internal or resisting force brought into being in the human organism by interaction with the environment. It brings about change in the organism. If these changes cause the organism to adapt successfully to its environment the condition of stress or generated tension disappears. If it does not, and there is failure to adapt successfully to a condition, then the or-

ganism is disturbed, and this disturbance manifests itself in various ways of ill-health, from mild to catastrophic. Interference with work or sleep, social difficulties of a mild character, aches and pains of various kinds, menstrual disturbances, etc., are the mild form, but in acute forms the disorders produced can be serious.

THE subject of stress and disease is a vast one, and I do not attempt to cover the whole field. My aim is to compare some methods of alleviating or relieving the condition of mental stress which affects health and causes unhappiness and inefficiency. Recent visits not only to the West but also to India and China have enabled me to compare the concepts of stress in these various countries, and the methods employed for its relief or cure.

It is estimated in the *Lancet* that at least forty per cent of patients attending general practitioners have symptoms of functional disorder. Other surveys vary: ranging from fifty to seventy per cent in the U.S.A., to sixty-four per cent in South Africa (among the white population, possibly due to the tensions built up by the social order existent there). Of six hundred consecutive patients attending the medical outpatients department of a London teaching hospital, twenty per cent presented symptoms

solely due to an anxiety state. In hospital practice it is reported (Nixon) that thirty to fifty per cent of patients attending a gynaecological outpatient clinic have symptoms purely of functional origin.

Common manifestations of stress in medical practice may be general, such as insomnia, aches, etc., but often the tension seems to elect one organ, and this organ varies from person to person. Often a patient is 'cured' of one syndrome (*i.e.*, asthma, which is often a stress condition), only for stress to manifest itself in another organ.

In anxiety, fear or grief, dyspeptic symptoms are common. Much has been written on the relationship of peptic ulcer to the strain of modern living. 'In eighty per cent of cases of ulcerative colitis,' writes Sir Heneage Ogilvie, 'inter-human conflicts are found.' Experimentally, changes can be observed in the lining of the stomach and other organs under the influence of spontaneous or induced emotional situations. Stress manifests itself often in the form of local spasm, affecting the blood supply to this or that organ, or the smooth muscle coating which permits function. Thus asthma, abdominal pain, vomiting, may all be due to emotional disturbances. After a time these temporary changes become semi-permanent, and disease is established.

The skin is another organ of emotional expression, in fact a very susceptible one, since even in 'normal' situation one blushes or turns pale under the impact of feeling. The heart is another favourite site, as evidenced by the fashionable preoccupation with hypertension and coronary disease (the business executive's dread). In the case of coronary disease, however, emotional stress should not be 'over-stressed.' The business executive tends to be over-worked, run down, overfed, subjected to an inordinate amount of alcohol, restaurant food and late hours; a way of life which provides stress of all kinds. In women abnormal menstruation

and distress related to the sexual organs are much affected by emotional states.

WHAT is the explanation, in the West, of the mechanism whereby emotional stress influences the function and finally the condition of the body organs? The *British Medical Journal* expresses the view that this may be due to erroneous reaction of the autonomic nervous system. The autonomic nervous system is considered the intermediary between the higher brain centres and the vessels and smooth muscles of the organs, and the main link in transforming mental and emotional stimuli into physical (somatic) responses. The autonomic nervous system is divided into two, the sympathetic and the parasympathetic, with definite, separate, and often contradictory activities: one quickens the heartbeat; the other slows it down. One dilates blood vessels to a certain region, the other contracts them. Together they regulate the internal system. Their activity is called autonomic, because it is considered to be beyond reach of conscious, or voluntary control, although this Western concept is completely denied both in India and China, where the relief of stress is claimed to be achieved through *direct control* of the autonomic nervous system by the conscious centres of the brain.

Research in the West shows that a certain part of the brain, called the hypothalamus, adjacent to the higher centres, is responsible for the control of autonomic activity. Mental and emotional stress, it is thought, act on certain centres in the region of the hypothalamus; this induces activity in the autonomous nervous system; the system goes into motion; if the motion is 'unregulated,' discord is produced, a discord which reverberates through every function of the body, but may finally select and become more apparent in one organ, or in one form of ill-health.

THE methods used in the West to alleviate, relieve or suppress stress disturbances are also and at the same time used for research into the problem; as such we can place them under two headings, which a facetious American friend describes as: *a.* head shrinking, and *b.* pill swallowing.

a. Head shrinking, or in medical terms psycho-psychiatry. I would prefer to call this the inter-human, verbal, communicative, 'human contact' approach. Most of the concepts, hypotheses and methods of treatment used today derive from these methods of communication and interchange of experience, through conscious 'talk' and the establishment of bonds of sympathy and confidence between the patient and the investigator. It is a pity that fashion, fiction and fuddled thinking, together with the extravagant theories and claims of a few enterprising quacks, have contributed to lowering the standard of therapy in certain countries where 'the couch' is too readily accessible. This does not obviate the fact that an enormous amount of good, conscientious work is done through these methods. The importance of human contact, of sympathizing and understanding rather than sermonizing and punishment, the building up of self-knowledge and self-respect in the patient, can never be over emphasized.

A new aspect is sociological psychiatry, in which the behaviour of the individual, whether sick or healthy, in reaction to his environment, especially as a member of the socio-cultural group to which he belongs, is studied and even treated by group or sociological methods. The guidance clinics recently established in the West belong to this type of inter-human approach.

Alongside with this is biological psychiatry, which seeks to understand the emotional makeup of the human being from its physical bases, utilizing Pavlov's work on conditioned reflexes and researches into the processes of conditioning and learning (as Pavlov suggested, learn-

ing and education are complex 'conditioning' processes themselves) by which the nervous system adapts itself to its environment.

Cybernetics, the study of the structure of the central nervous system, is another field of research under the heading of biological psychiatry. So is the new science of ethnology. Ethnology studies animal behaviour, and it has shown that even in animals living in a natural state frustration is common. Frustration is due to the impossibility of acting out innate or acquired behaviour patterns in food seeking, mating, due to inter-animal conflicts, and under this stress the animal behaves abnormally. Then there is psycho-pharmacology, a hybrid name, which really investigates the chemical processes whereby impulses are transformed and transmitted along the chain of reactions from primary stimulus to end organ. It is now known that the end product of any impulse is a chemical substance; that the 'harmony' of the body depends to a great degree on a balance between the hormones or chemical substances produced by its organs; and that certain drugs, on ingestion, can produce pictures closely resembling mental disorders or disturbances, so that disease can be considered, in its final aspect, as a chemical disturbance in one or more of the links of the chain of impulses from the higher central nervous system, through the autonomic nervous system, to the end organ; in other words, a chemical 'error.' The site of the 'error' may be high up in the scanning of the incoming impulse and its assessment by the higher centres, or lower down in an abnormal qualitative or quantitative output of the required chemical substance to prepare the body for reaction to the change in the environment, thus causing a disturbance of the harmonious balance of a 'normal' state of the hormones, and imbalance of the function of the organs.

These considerations lead us to, and have derived from, studies in the second

method of relieving stress, *i.e.*

b. Pill swallowing, or in medical terms tranquillizers, psycho-mimetic drugs, and the like.

The advertising pages of the medical journals are plastered with imaginative, colourful and eloquent appeals to the medical practitioner, appeals as high-brow, fastidious and snob conscious as *The New Yorker* suggestions to buy a certain perfume because it is 'the most expensive in the world.' The names of tranquillizers today are hauntingly evocative; they are described as 'mirror-calm,' with an appropriate colour photograph of a tranquil lake under a setting sun; as making the patient 'accessible,' as containing 'aggression,' much in the language of the cold war; as restoring 'serenity and perspective.' Tranquillizers are a billion dollar business, and one third of the advertising space in medical journals is devoted to their promotion. Yet, in the sober words of Dr J. Groen in *The Practitioner* of June 1960: 'The medical world is not scientifically prepared for a clearly indicated use of tranquillizers.' Dr Groen also states that there is 'great discrepancy between the haste and waste with which . . . they are put at our disposal, and our understanding of their mechanism of action.'

WHAT do tranquillizers really do to the patients who take them? Research there is, but opinion varies a good deal. The distinction between a 'tranquillizer' and drug with suppressive or blocking effect (such as alcohol) on the nervous system is by no means as clear-cut as the various claims make out. The general practitioner is not a trained research chemist and much confusion exists. A certain drug, advertised at first as helpful in well-defined, organic heart disease, is now claimed to have a good effect in anxiety states; it does this by blocking the passage of 'excessive stimuli from the central nervous system to the

organs via the autonomic nervous system.' Other drugs, used in hypertension, are found also to produce depression and melancholia.

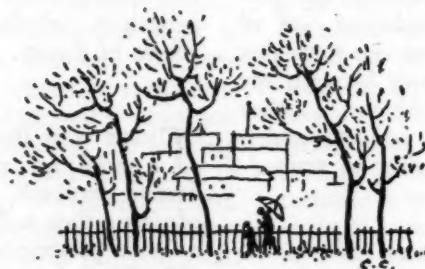
Whatever tranquillizers may do, they are essentially suppressive or blocking agents, inducing temporary relief, alleviation of anxiety by an inhibitive or 'cutting-out' process, but they may produce other abnormal mental states after prolonged use. There is no evidence, so far, that they produce a total 'cure,' though by quietening the patient and providing symptomatic relief over a period of time, it may be argued that they afford him a 'shield' under whose protection he may be likely to see things more in perspective, and thus achieve, by a process of self-understanding, what is in the end the only cure possible, *self-cure*. In this light tranquillizers may be useful adjuncts to the inter-human approach as a support for psychotherapy or environmental therapy, but obviously they cannot, at the present time, replace the inter-human forces which influence human behaviour, whether normal or in the course of disease.

HERE is at the moment in the West a need for emphasizing the inter-human approach, the effort of listening, of giving time and sympathy, rather than a hasty prescription, an injection, or a pill. There is need (which is recognized) for the study of the human mind, not only by psychological, but also, and here perhaps we get near to an important point hitherto neglected, by sociological methods. The individual must be viewed as a unit, in constant connexion and interchange with fellow human beings. From these, from contact with the external to himself, he receives information which is scanned and regulated by his central nervous system before it is transformed, absorbed, and discharged as output. It follows that when distorted information enters the system, it is more

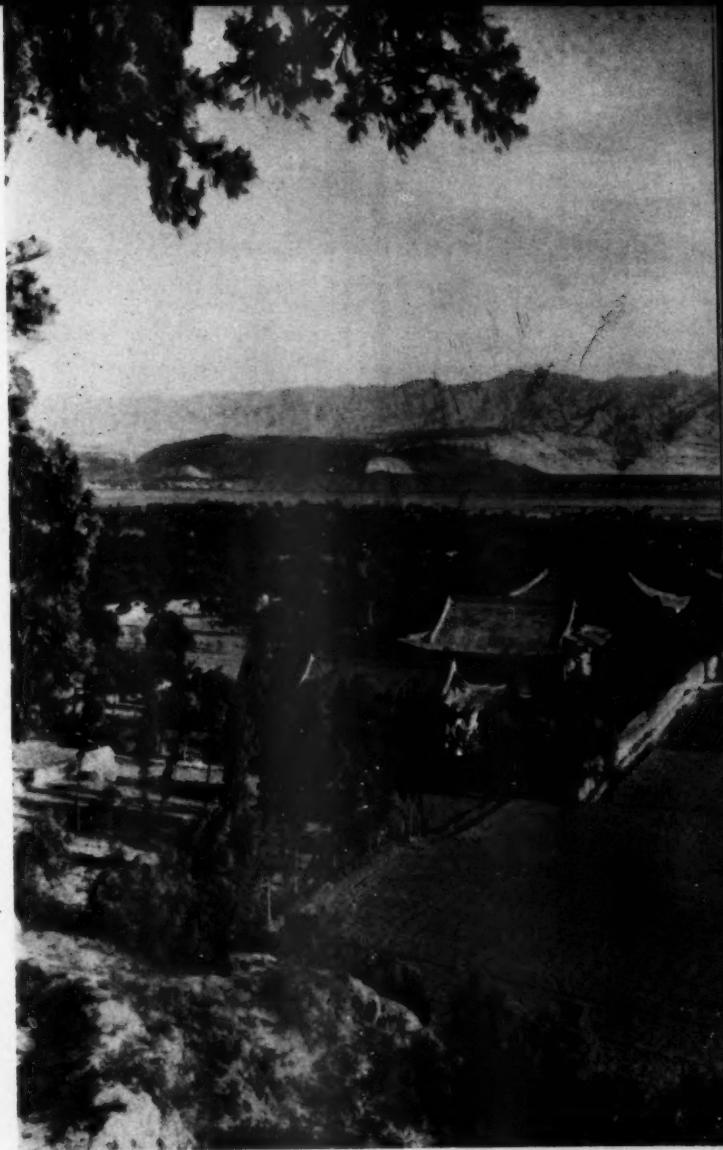
likely to be thrown out of gear. An atmosphere of fear, suspicion, insecurity, mistrust of other human beings, is bound to generate stresses and strains and to influence his whole physical and mental well-being.

This opens up a vast field of research in which anthropology, sociology and economics will be allied to help approach of medicine and psycho-psychiatry to

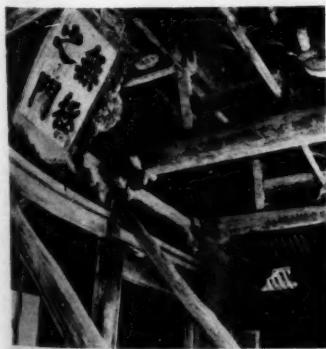
those human beings who are alienated, by anxiety, frustration, and the ill-health concomitant to such disturbed states, from integration with their communities. It may also help in revising some of our ideas on the kind of social order which produces these states of stress and tension and maintains them as part of the 'normal' environment of the human being.



THE YUNGLOKUNG MURALS



Yunglokung ('Temple of Eternal Bliss')
in Shansi, famous for Yuan dynasty murals



Wu Chi Gate



ming mai

Minor deities (San Ching Hall, west wall)



Serving maid (San Ching Hall, north wall)



Serving maid (San Ching Hall, west wall)





West wall of Chun Yang Hall

A Visit to Yunglokung

Lu Hung-nien

ONE spring day in 1957 we arrived at Yunglo in Juicheng County, Shansi. The Taoist temple Yunglokung (Temple of Eternal Bliss), famous throughout China for its Yuan dynasty (1279-1368) mural paintings, is located here. Legend has it that the town of Yunglo was the birthplace of Lu Tung-pin, a T'ang dynasty scholar born in 796 and later known as one of the Eight Immortals of Taoism. One day in spring while boating on the Feng River he met Chungli Chuan who later taught him Taoist philosophy. He then abandoned all worldly cares, built a cottage in Lushan Mountain where he lived in seclusion, and finally achieved sainthood. After his death, a shrine was built to his memory which was subsequently made into a Taoist temple. This was destroyed by fire in 1262, but another magnificent temple was built on the old site, forming the basis of the present-day Yunglokung. Today five buildings remain: Lunghu Hall, Sanching Hall, Chunyang Hall, Chungyang Hall and a gateway built a little later than these. About eight hundred square metres of Yuan dynasty murals are preserved in these four halls.

The Yunglokung murals are among China's most cherished art treasures, but the large reservoir being constructed at Sanmen Gorge to harness the Yellow River will submerge the present site of

the temple. In order to preserve these cultural relics the government plans to remove the whole temple to the Juicheng countyseat. All the murals will be moved to the new site and restored. In preparation for the restoration of the murals and to further our studies, the Ministry of Culture sent us, a group of teachers and students of the Central Institute of Fine Arts, to Yunglokung to make copies of the murals. Our task was to copy exactly all eight hundred square metres of murals, faithfully reproducing each shade of colour and line.

On the evening of our arrival, we entered our palace of art—the Yunglokung. At the end of an avenue of tall poplars are the Yuan dynasty halls with the famous murals. The best of these are the guardian angels in Sanching Hall and the series of pictures of Lu Tung-pin attaining sainthood in Chunyang Hall.

SANCHING or Wuchi Hall is a majestic building in glorious colours, its rafters covered with delicate yet powerful carvings in relief. The murals here cover an area of 424 square metres and are 426 centimetres high. There are altogether 289 guardian angels. Brilliant and resplendent as the rainbow, these murals are in keeping with the painted pillars of the hall and the carved rafters. Clouds

of every colour, indolently half-furled, dashing like waves, scudding before the wind, or leaping like tongues of fire are painted on three of the walls. The angels depicted on the back wall are gathered at some Taoist ritual. Two heavenly generals, Blue Dragon and White Tiger, on the south wall herald the central figures, eight majestic gods and goddesses surrounded by minor deities, warriors, attendants, pages and serving maids. The figures, not one of which resembles another, are dressed in brilliant costumes. Warrior gods with staring eyes and bristling beards, Taoist saints in flowing robes, and solemn deities contrast with the charming maids. Some of the figures are conversing, some meditating, some listening, some gazing into space, yet together they form one great harmonious whole. Simple, concise lines convey with remarkable skill their differences in sex, age, character and mood.

The murals in Sanching Hall have ink outlines, drawn freely and forcefully. Probably brushes of special bristles were used. These expressive lines present dewy lotus waving gently in the breeze, each hair in a man's beard, and girdles flowing in the wind. This is typical of traditional Chinese murals.

The use of colour is superb. Bold splashes of deep green or vermillion highlight the murals and are interspersed by lighter tones or white. Special care is given to details so that the effect from both far and near is good. The use of gold and other traditional techniques invest these murals with dignity and splendour. But colours are used with great discrimination. Clear washes and strong contrasts are so happily combined that no clash of colour results though a great many are employed. It is obvious that these highly skilled painters worked according to detailed plans and made a careful division of labour to put the gifts of each to the greatest advantage, fashioning the separate murals into one brilliant, integrated whole.

At one end of the north wall stands a mutilated image of 'The Saviour of Suffering Mankind.' Behind this stands a boy, above it are fairy mountains and pavilions, below tumble vast blue waves. The deity seems to be floating in the clouds, his girdle and long robe are fluttering and the colours of this handsome, animated figure are magnificent. It is said that originally there were another boy and a flying stork before the image. This is the only piece of sculpture left in Yunglokung, a fine work of art which brooks comparison with the murals.

THE wall paintings of Chunyang Hall depict the story of Lu Tung-pin. The fifty-two pictures in this series form one composite whole. The contents are extremely rich: palaces, mountains and fields, village huts, boats, taverns, tea-shops, kitchens, and such scenes as the birth of child or funeral rites. They reflect the daily life and social customs of those times. Each picture presents a clear story of its own, but is skillfully connected with the others by mountains, rocks, clouds and trees. Often the distant mountains in the lower painting serve as the foreground of the upper. In one and the same picture, as the story develops, Lu Tung-pin may appear more than once, disregarding all the laws of time and space; yet this seems very natural. Though the work was done by a team of artists, a good division of labour ensured unity in style.

A wonderful large mural on the north wall shows Chungli Chuan inspiring Lu Tung-pin with divine thoughts so that he abandons the world and becomes a saint. The setting is very beautiful with trees, mountains, strange plants, rare blossoms and gurgling streams. The two men are sitting on rocks facing each other. Gnarled pines like old dragons frolicking in the water stretch over them. Chungli has a frank, persuasive air. His chest is

bare and he looks confident that he can convince his disciple. His gaze is fixed eagerly on Lu to watch his response. Lu Tung-pin is bending forward to listen respectfully and his face shows the conflict raging in his mind. He sits there with folded arms, his left thumb lightly pressing his right sleeve—this gesture heightens the atmosphere of meditation. The pines and rocks in the background are painted in bold strokes and splendid colours, the figures appear alive. This is a rare masterpiece.

ALL we saw in the four halls convinced us that Yunglokung has some of the

finest and best Yuan dynasty murals preserved in North China. These masterpieces have weathered six centuries and are still superb today. Painted later than the Tunhuang murals, they reveal an art more mature and nearer to perfection.

We stayed in Yunglokung for six and a half months. During that time we made over a thousand paintings, copying all the eight hundred square metres of murals. Since then, reproductions of the Yunglokung murals have been exhibited in Peking. Yunglokung has recently been transferred to a new site where these ancient works of art will live on through the ages.



My Korean Bride

Frederick Joss



THIS is Miss Choi Jin-song,' I said to the *Kukje Shin Bo* reporter who was sitting next to me in the back of the jeep which settled slowly into the roadway as the mud thawed in the sunshine. 'Here she is on the first day we met, last May. Here in September, when we parted.'

'Very beautiful,' said the journalist. 'You are lucky.'

'Now her pregnancy must be obvious —she expects a baby in April,' I explained.

'Oh—congratulations,' said the young Korean and handed me back the tiny snapshots. 'But we cannot find her. We must go back to the office, and tell Mr Yee.'

'Oh no, we don't,' I said with what I hope was a bulldog smile. 'We haven't even started to look. And I didn't show you the photographs just to boast of my wife's beauty. Please give one to the driver and tell him to show it at every door. Tell him to ask if there is any pregnant woman in the neighbourhood

who even faintly resembles her. And you will take the second photograph yourself and do the same. Won't you, please? Thank you.'

Herb, the young Canadian who sat in front, turned round and grinned.

After ten minutes' watching sympathetic shoulder-shrugging and head-shaking in the postal district named '3-295 Dongde-Sindong, Pusan City,' I recalled the searchers. 'Nobody has seen the lady,' reported the reporter.

'Which means we're in the wrong district altogether. We'll have to look somewhere else,' I decreed; the two Koreans looked at each other despondently.

'There must be quite a few postal districts round here if this one suburb goes into four figures,' murmured Herb. It was his first day in a land where normal logic does not apply.

'Where do you want to go now?' asked the dutiful Korean reporter.

'Everywhere, till we find her,' I promised. 'But we have to start somewhere.'

The correct address must be very similar to this one. In my memory it is identical with the one we have. My letters reached her. Until three months ago. From then onwards no one could find her. At that time I had lost my diary, and I wrote back to the address given by Jin-Song in her last letter. I must have made a mistake reading it. What was my mistake? Which digit is most easily confused? Probably the "nine." Koreans and the Japanese write a 'seven' very much like a "nine." Right, we go to 3-275, Dongde-Sindong.'

The earth of South Korea spurted as the panting and trembling jeep hoisted itself out of its grave. The vehicle jumped upwards and forward. Jin-Song, here we come!

'3-275,' announced the navigator in the wilderness of middle-class slums.

Driver and reporter de-bussed and vanished into twisting sidelanes. After two minutes they came back, running: 'Yessir—they know her here—Miss Choi lives just round the corner!'

I jumped straight into a deep puddle and ran after my two guides. Herb jumped after me.

Right-left, right-left, up the narrow crooked lane. I saw the Koreans vanish into a ramshackle wooden gateway. Inside was an irregular and disorderly yard, surrounded by fragile wooden huts on raised platforms. Women, children. A few idle and listless men. An apparently sex-less figure, clad in wide Chinese blue pants and an old khaki Army tunic bending over a primitive well, hoisting up the icy water for the laundry.

The others engaged in lovely conversation, waving my snapshots. I walked towards the bent figure by the waterhole. When I was near enough I said: 'Hello, Miss Christmastree—I've come to marry you.' (Jin-Song means Chinese pine tree.)

The figure stood like paralysed. Then it turned round and straightened up. It was a woman. Her straight hair was straggly, her face swollen by frost. Her

hands also were swollen; and red and wet. Her naked feet stuck in muddy rubber slippers with upturned tips. She was clearly pregnant. Her large eyes and small mouth were open. She moved her pale lips, without producing a sound.

I took her by the shoulders: 'You silly silly Christmastree. So you were here all the time, while Press, Police and enquiry agents were combing Pusan for you. Now get a move on. I've a jeep out there. We go down to town, and married. Not a moment to lose. Remember, you are my wife? It is my child you are carrying?'

She stared at me. Her mind could not believe what her eyes saw. The others crowded around us. Then Jin-Song spoke, softly and slowly: 'I go change clothes. You come back one hour. I then come with you.'

'Not on your life,' I said. 'I give you five minutes. I wait here. Jump to it.'

She climbed the worn steps up to the platform of her hut. Herb had remained standing in the gateway. I walked to him and said stupidly: 'I have found Jin-Song.' He nodded and swallowed. His eyes were wet.

I lit a cigarette and turned to the reporter: 'Thanks. I wait here, while my wife dresses.'

He said: 'We must get back and tell Mr Yee.'

'Do. Please tell him I am bringing my wife. We must marry to-morrow. He must fix it.'

After five minutes I mounted the platform and called: 'Christmastree—it's me. I'm coming in.' I did. Jin-Song had taken the khaki tunic off, and the blue trousers. She was wearing a man's shirt. She had not done much in five minutes. A young man followed me through the door.

'My brother,' said Jin-Song. We shook hands.

'Why didn't Jin-Song write to me?' I demanded.

'We speak later,' she pleaded. 'You

go down to tea-room. Wait for me. I come quick.'

'You come along with me,' I invited the neatly dressed handsome young man. 'I would not find the tea-room. Nor the way back.'

It was quite a walk to the tea-room, through nightmarish slums which are the enviable homes of nine tenths of those urban South-Koreans who are not homeless. A thick Lancashire fog would have been a merciful atmosphere for this desolate hell. But a glaring Mediterranean midday sun lit up every ghastley detail. Herb kept mumbling: 'Nobody outside can imagine how these people live. It's unbelievable.'

'You've seen nothing,' I said truthfully. 'This is a well-to-do district, where people live in houses—of sorts. You should see the shanties.'

The tea-room was even in a two-storyed building. On the first floor. Not bad. Full, or almost. We found a table and ordered coffee. A soft-eyed sad-faced woman served. The customers were all male, all young, all well-dressed. They were cheerful, unlike the ragged zombies that staggered through the streets outside or leaned, exhausted, against walls and telegraph poles. The smart young men in the tea-room had pleasant voices, wavy coiffures, gleaming wrist-watches and obviously not too much to do. A loud-speaker oozed a Japanese song hit.

I felt peckish, but the tea-house had no food. I went down into the street and found a dirty shop crammed with American Army supplies. I bought biscuits, and gave money to children who seemed too weak to beg—or they didn't know, in that out-of-the-way district, that foreign visitors were manna from Heaven, or a form of Dollar aid.

'Go and tell Jin-Song,' I said jokingly to the brother, 'that if she does not come back with you at once I'll have her fetched by the police.'

Jin-Song is a Korean. She knows the Korean police. She has travelled with me in Korea, and seen me fight that police—so she knew me too. She came.

But it was not the sexless Chinese peasant in an American tunic that came billowing up the steep stairs. It was a serene strong-chinned well-groomed woman clad in the flowing robes of Korean tradition. They were of beautiful brocade silk, heavy and glistening. The blouse was not held together by a brooch, as is the fashion nowadays, but by long silk ribbons, as in olden days. I had never seen Jin-Song in classical Korean dress. At the orphanage where I first met her, and when we travelled up and down the country together—by plane and on foot, by grimy freight-car and Mongolian pony—she wore a blouse or shirt, and a skirt. Korean dress—like the Indian sari—makes any woman look pregnant. Obviously, that was the reason for her wearing it.

Herb and I rose. 'Thank you for coming so quickly, Christmastree,' I said without irony. 'And for looking so beautiful. I never knew you had a Korean dress.'

'It is my grandmother,' whispered Jin-Song, with her head bowed.

'Fine. Now we get married. This afternoon or tomorrow. Tomorrow night my ship sails.'

'Marry so quick it is not possible in Korea.'

'Of course not. Nothing is possible in Korea. It was not possible to find you. It was not possible to enter Korea because your Foreign Minister in person has stopped my entry permit. But in the war, we had a placard in our gun repair shop: "The impossible we do at once. Miracles take a little longer." Come on—let's go—I have to send a picture postcard to His Excellency, my very good friend, the Foreign Minister, Dr Chyung.'

JIN-SONG's brother, who had more English than she, lifted his eyebrows. He looked worried. I knew he was—or had been—a student. But he was not one of those fearless if muddled Masan, Pusan, Taegu and Seoul students who had been sitting up with me for whole night, last spring, in the Bando Hotel in Seoul, talking, talking, talking—knowing only what they hated in the way their country was run by rulers and benefactors, but not what they wanted to have instead. They had fought police guns and attacked army tanks with their bare hands—some of those hands, and legs, were still in bandages.

No—my handsome brother-in-law was thoroughly nice, law-abiding and authority-respecting.

I had seen other students that morning, as Herb and I entered Pusan City through the harbour gate: They wore uniform, with cross belts and inscribed brassards. They shouted orders and blew whistles. They were dragooning and escorting thousands of shambling vacant-faced male figures in surplus Army oddments through the harbour district—the unemployed — half of the employable urban population. They carried banners. The leaders glowered at the passive steel-helmeted carbine-shouldering police who

stood in small groups, their legs straddling the pathways, gloved hands on hips.

The summer before, during the election campaign, the students had tried to instruct and activate the eighteen million peasants who had survived the last seven years. But the peasants would not play political games. The South-Korean peasant does not want a good government rather than a bad government. He wants no government—or as little government as possible. A government, and government, is by its very nature, against the peasant. It means two realities: Taxes and recruitment.

It is often said that Korea has never had a good government in its alleged four thousand three hundred years of dynastic history. Untrue. There were good periods. A thousand years ago, the Northern Korean kingdom of Koryo had prosperous co-operative agriculture, and advanced forms of social security. Its mighty Army was expected to invade and crush the highly refined but socially degenerate Southern kingdom of Shilla, where all the arts blossomed to the enjoyment of a few, and the million starved, as they do now in the Republic of Korea. But Koryo just waited. And Shilla dropped like a rotten plum.

Oriental Appreciation of Noses

Husein Rofé

I

THE French were the first Europeans to acquire a healthy respect for noses. It all began in that enlightened seventeenth century when they were subjecting everything to critical analysis, and penning pithy aphorisms about the world around them, according to the individual temperaments of the writers. Jean de la Bruyère used his pen to satirise his associates, the Duc de la Rochefoucauld tried to show that self-interest lay at the bottom of all human actions, while the more scientific Blaise Pascal sought cosmic implications behind apparent hazard.

Pascal was a mathematician and a devout man. Next year the French nation will probably hold some ceremony, or issue a new stamp, to mark the tercentenary of his death. He deserves to be styled the Father of Rhinology, since he immortalised the great importance to mankind of the shape of a nose, in that little epigram invariably spoon-fed to the youth that frequents the nobler institutions of learning in the West. Here is what Pascal shrewdly said: 'Cleopatra's nose: had it been shorter, the whole face of the earth would have been changed.' He appropriately recognised that a shorter nose, not a longer one, would have marred that world-famous beauty which exerted so potent a charm over both Julius Caesar and Marcus Antonius.

Cleopatra held court on the banks of the Nile, at the critical frontier of East and West, in that Near East so renowned for its long noses. It doesn't matter whether the portrait is of a mediaeval Shylock gloating over his shekels, or of the lean and rapacious aristocrats of the Arabian desert with the appearance of hawks ready to pounce. It must have been their noses that inspired the latter to fashion the scimitars, curved daggers, and swords of Islam. Actually, we are now told by anthropologists that the so-called Jewish nose is actually an Armenoid type, being more common among the Aryan Armenians than the Semites. Be that as it may, the prominent nose is a hall-mark of the Near East, found among all its peoples in great profusion.

The hawk-like proboscis stands therefore as the frontier guardian between the worlds of East and West, one nostril inhaling the balmy breezes of the mystic Orient, while the other sucks in the Western impulses of material creation. Hence the peoples of the Near East effected the synthesis between two worlds. After the Jewish exodus, the Arab conquest spread outwards in more significant fashion in both directions. Aristotelian, Platonic, Persian and Hindu culture were alike assimilated; Hellenistic values were rediscovered when the Umayyad Caliphs ruled at Damascus, and Arabian tribes transported them during the Dark Ages across the Berber-ridden regions of North

Africa, past the Pillars of Hercules into sunny Spain, where they were expounded in the famous Muslim universities of Andalusia. Illiterate Western potentates such as Charlemagne sent their sons to study the lost Greek wisdom in the Saracen institutions. Here they pored over Arabic manuscripts, translated them into Latin, and Europe, pregnant with new knowledge, rediscovered herself in the Renaissance.

The long-nosed Phoenicians of the Lebanese slopes had given the world its alphabet. The Arabs had unearthed and retransmitted the lost learning. But incidentally they had exported the aquiline nose, though Orientalists have never given them enough credit for this service. Everywhere they settled, they intermarried with local womenfolk, whether Christians, Jewesses or converts to Islam. Only unions with diehard polytheists were forbidden them, for their faiths had not originated in the lands of long noses. Following the precepts of the Prophet Abraham, these Arabs begat many children, peopling the lands of the conquest with a new race, distinguished by that prominent nose now associated with all that is best in the world of Islam.

IN more modern times, the French remembered the sagacious hint of Blaise Pascal. It is on record that Napoleon I chose to surround himself by large noses, which he took for signs of competence. Perhaps a future historian will determine whether he discovered this in the Middle East, or marched to the Nile because he felt sure of a welcome among its peoples. At all events, his expedition to Egypt comprised the cream of available French savants, many of whom we may suspect had exquisite nasal trails. The contemporary Egyptian chronicler al-Jabarti has left us a detailed eye-witness account in Arabic of this first manifestation of the civilising mission of France among the Arabs. So anxious was Napoleon to win

their support that he even claimed the French were Muslims. At all events, he offered to free these Arabs from the domination of the short-nosed Turanian Turks. The Arabs did look askance at the Gallic soldiers who drank so much wine and ran off with their harems, but the seed of co-operation was born, and Muhammed Ali, after treacherously exterminating the powerful Mamlukes at a banquet in Cairo Citadel, set himself up as ruler of Egypt. Although crafty enough to recognise the suzerainty of the Sublime Porte in theory, he went ahead with his plans, and invited the Franks over to Egypt to modernise his country. The Suez Canal was cut through the desert, and the Albanian-born Pasha established that dynasty of Egyptian sovereigns which so recently came to an inglorious end. Now the present President of Egypt has expounded how Egypt is at the centre of three circles, those of the Arabs, of Islam, and of Africa. We can see how anxious he is to see the aquiline features spread through the Dark Continent.

At all events, those dictators who respected the long noses were successful. One has only to look at portraits of Napoleon and Hitler, to compare the fine, sensitive nose of the Corsican with the squat fleshy one of the Austrian. The latter affected to despise large noses, instituted inquisitions for them, and threw their owners into concentration camps, instead of making them his counsellors. Might not the face of the modern world have been different, had he known how to show proper veneration for that important appendage which inhales the first breath of life and expels the last one, an organ so closely associated with the very maintenance of human existence on our planet? Franco, at all events, invited the long noses back to Spain, and has consequently sat fairly securely in the seat of government, weathering the storm that unseated many others.

I hope it is now obvious to the reader what an intimate connection exists be-

tween the Near Eastern nose and attempts to reach an understanding between East and West. The bridge to span the abyss of Kipling's pessimistic dogma is none other than the fine arch on the faces of the guardians of the frontier. It is thus entirely apposite that this journal, seeking to foster deeper understanding across the world, should publish an article paying tribute to the flourishing signature on the faces of the Near Eastern populations.

II

WHEN I was sent to school in England, the land of my birth, I was blissfully ignorant of the value of the prominent proboscis with which I found myself endowed. As it relentlessly grew, millimetre by millimetre, I became sadder and more depressed. Rhinology was not, as it should have been, on the school syllabus. I believed myself hopelessly afflicted, especially as I was the product of the union of large-nosed families. It didn't matter that one of them was Semitic and the other Aryan, the traits were equally pronounced on each side, so what chance had I? Naturally I was even more generously endowed than my forbears. But such qualities were not esteemed in Britain as they were across the Channel, despite the relationship between another British long nose and the aforementioned Suez Canal.

As a schoolboy, I dejectedly realised that my comrades considered my own nose most unflattering in its enormity. To them it was a sign that I was not truly British, I was not to become a real Empire-builder, even though we had lived among them for a century, frequented their most select schools, and fought in their wars for two generations.

Sorrowfully I withdrew more and more into my shell, daily lamenting the unkind fate which had not given me an Empire-builder's nose, but rather conferred that of another 'chosen race,' the wrong one!

They stared at me in the streets, children wagged their fingers at me, and in my shame, I sunk my head deeper into the upturned collar of my raincoat. At last, I felt that my affliction was greater than I could bear, and I voluntarily chose the path of exile, hoping that I might one day chance upon a people so benighted that they would not be disgusted by the unsightly blob in the middle of my face. So I set my nose first southwards, having heard that Africa begins at the Pyrenees.

I travelled through Spain in a first-class compartment, and a fellow passenger thought my shoulder was a pillow, I tried the second-class and found myself opposite an abbess, who brought out a flask of brandy from her nether regions while the novices in her charge were soundly sleeping, and offered me a drink. At least these people did not shrink from me, and we chatted pleasantly while an excited hen laid an egg in the corridor. Getting poorer as the journey continued, I tried a Spanish bus, and found myself at the back, sitting next to fat ladies who periodically and illogically announced that they were about to be seasick. In the countryside near Granada, these ladies, apparently feeling fitter for being rid of the hairpin bends, gesticulated wildly, waving first at my nose and then towards the peasants in the fields. It was true: we did have noses in common, but I was embarrassed to find the fact pointed out, however kindly.

So on I went to North Africa. It was all right when I stayed among the pure-bred Arabs of the cities, for there I excited little comment. But it was precisely these aristocratic families who had splayed noses, for they had been able to afford so many negresses, and had married them more often than the poor people had done. I was advised to travel among the Berbers, who treated me most hospitably. I loved to sit in their ksars, quaffing drinks of many colours and contemplating the peaks of the Atlas, until one day I found out in Marrakech

that I had become known all over Morocco as 'The Father of a Nose.' I never forgave the Berbers for the nickname, and wending my way eastwards, I did not stop until I had passed the Suez Canal, since in every land I found Berber settlements, and I was afraid to hear them call me by that dreadful name again.

In the Lebanon, I saw so many noses like my own. There were four famous ones in Beirut, and their 'fathers' all congregated together to sip Turkish coffee and talk business at sundown. Getting the coffee-cup past the noses without touching them was quite a feat. The sight of all these other hideous appendages was altogether too much for my sensitive nature. How could I forget my own misfortune when I saw it mirrored on the faces of so many swarthy companions!

It was in the Fertile Crescent that a miracle occurred. Actually it happened while I was standing on the roof of the Temple of Bacchus at Baalbek, where all tourists in the Lebanon end up sooner or later. Perhaps it was because of the purity of the air here, or even because of the shock to my nervous system caused by the rush up and down steep slopes which involves nearly any drive out of Beirut. This is of course what gives so many Lebanese heart disease, but in my case it seemed to have had a salutary effect on my breathing.

As my ancestors' nostrils had done before, my own right nostril suddenly awoke to the breezes being wafted across Asia. Before I had journeyed East, I had always believed that the stream of air coming through the left nostril was all that there was to know of the breath of life. I did not miss the other values, since I had never known them. But here among the ruins of the old temple, I felt that I had thus far been only half alive, absorbing only one stream of air, one part of life, the Western way. Now

the other nostril began to heave and dilate in great excitement, signalling to my soul the message that the destiny of man could only be understood when the cursed nose could breathe in through both nostrils, and assimilate the two streams of life, the values of East and West. Of course I had read that the yogis did all sorts of funny things to try and awaken both nostrils, but it was only here that I realised what it was all about.

Having communicated something of such import, my nose felt quite proud of itself, and pointed towards the South Seas. There was nothing to do but follow. My wanderings continued through long-nosed lands, and wonder of wonders, I met in Isfahan a mullah much more generously endowed than myself, the end of whose nose used to turn over the pages of his Scriptures and Lives of the Imams. In fact, they said that, unlike other Persians, who signified assent by the words 'on my eyes be it,' this famous Mullah Bulbuluddin would acquiesce by muttering 'on my nose, on my nose.'

After the Mullah had confided to me that such afflictions were Divine visitations, to be borne with patience in order to secure the favours of Heaven, I travelled on, hurrying rapidly through Bombay with its million hawk-like Parsees, to Ceylon. My nose seemed to have increased to such proportions that it stretched across the Bay of Bengal all the way to Java, and I followed it there.

The mid-Javanese began to bow in front of me, and I found out at last that they had taken me for a god, since my face resembled that of one of their long-nosed heroes of the shadow-play, the wayang kulit. I found the inhabitants quite obsessed by ideas of men turning into gods, angels or other unworldly beings: they strove constantly to perfect their inner lives by mystical disciplines, caring little for that worldly success which is increasingly stressed as one wanders west. In West Java, the Sundanese were not quite so anxious to consider me a

divine incarnation, so I felt more at ease, and settled down in their hill-town of Bandung.

I had never known true love up to this time. What woman could stand such a nose? How awkward making love, it always got in the way! Here in Bandung, I met a graceful and exquisite Javanese girl, who graciously tolerated my society. Of course, I was far too shy to reveal my feelings, to let her know how adorable and captivating she seemed to me. But the old Arab writers have said that women will end by loving the most wretched of men if exposed to their company over a sufficiently long period; thus it came about that she relaxed one afternoon in my arms on the slopes of an extinct volcano, where we lay on the grass, and where finally the ugly duckling had gathered up the courage to catch hold of her.

Playfully seizing my nose with her delicate little hands, she caressed the painful and prominent proboscis, ecstatically and softly exclaiming: 'What a very beautiful nose you have!' Of course I could hardly believe my ears. When I had assured myself that such words had in truth been directed to me from that luscious little mouth, I decided the compassionate angel could only be trying to commiserate with me, and console me in my plight. But, strange to relate I was later to receive the same compliment repeatedly throughout the whole length of the Indonesian archipelago (and it is quite a long one, even longer than many such noses as mine!); as the Indonesian people themselves express it, from Sabang to Merauke. They really meant what they said, and I found that I was rapidly becoming a celebrity here, yet not with the notorious implications I had experienced in Barbary.

The Javanese would throw special parties for my nose, telephoning their acquaintances to say: 'You really must meet our new friend; he has the most refined and exquisite nose!' I was so

happy at this reception that I remained among these appreciative people for four years, acquiring the self-confidence necessary to stand up against any subsequent mockery I might meet elsewhere. I was now convinced that God had taught these people more valid aesthetic standards; I believed them so much more civilized, since of course it was so flattering to my nose, and such balm to my wounded ego so to think. I studied deeply the culture of these Orientals who regarded my nose as such an embellishment. Of course it was apparent that none of them had large noses, but strange to relate, they all wished they had.

FINALLY I grew anxious to see something of the other races of the Far East, and noted in subsequent wanderings that the Japanese and Chinese took just as kindly to my queer face. And that is how I came to end up in Hong Kong, where the glamour and exotic romance of the East blend with the comfort and efficiency of the West: a small oasis where the bridge is spanned, where two apparently opposed concepts live closely together, where people breathe properly through both nostrils. The Chinese in their infinite wisdom have from time immemorial been expounding the mystery of the Yin and the Yang, the message that the two polarities are not opposed but complementary, that each carries within it the nucleus of the other.

To those who have been unfortunate enough to spend their lives with only one nostril functioning, who have only known one half of the breath of life, and to all those saddened by prominent noses who lead lives of misery in Western lands, I can now proclaim: 'Come, inhale the tranquil breezes of the distant East, learn the secret of life, be valued at your true inner worth, and find genuine happiness.'

Pascal was right in my case too. Had my nose been a little shorter, I should never have quaffed a draught at the foun-

tain of the eternal wisdom, but should have spent a lifetime in the West, satisfied with myself and with accepted local standards and values. I should have been convinced they were the only ones that mattered, my soul would never have awokened.

What of the future? I am not ashamed to tell you I have grown so conceited over

my nose that my chief ambition is to know the pleasure of bequeathing it to a host of descendants. Let me however take the precaution of requesting unmarried ladies with long noses not to write to me *c/o* this paper on that issue, since I have already met my twin-nose, and we are deliriously happy together, admiring our respective beaks from morning till night.



Husain Rofé, the author

Where No Inspiration Came

A Modern Marco Polo

INTO West Germany at Basle, the landscape changed; besides featureless country, roads distinctly inferior, villages less wealthy than the Swiss but on the whole more affluent than the French. German drivers seemed about on par with the Swiss.

When Speeding Became a Bore

Stumbling upon a brand-new Autobahn to a new experience of motoring without frustration as far as speed was concerned, they soon took a late tea in one of the 'lay-byes' which were well planned and provided with good receptacles for rubbish.

MMP personally got little fun out of these roads. Cruising at 50 m.p.h., nothing much good passed the little Austin: now where were those vaunted 'the ton' customers? There revoked those same feelings as when racing at Brooklands motor track in the early days; then, as now, on the smooth tarmac little obstructed, nothing passed, all-out at 70 m.p.h. a monotony, if not actually boring, when all of a sudden a sense of loneliness overtook him. No, it takes winding roads, lively traffic and human presences to make motoring interesting. These auto-what-nots by-passed every social scene and

warmth, and, staging the same dreary canvas the livelong day, seemed fit only for yawning and dozing automatons; an aid for this kind of travel would be the provision of beds in the cars.

How To Find a Bed

Evenfall stranded them in Freiburg-im-Breisgau, the heart and capital of the Black Forest. From their direction of approach they saw little of either blackness or forest. For the second night in succession, they were unlucky in finding a bed, being Saturday night at the height of summer. Believe it or not, the fraulein at a hotel suggested brightly they should abandon the idea of staying in Freiburg at all but go on instead to Strasbourg in France, giving them minute instructions to the railway station! Ye gods! imagine reception at the Gloucester Hotel in Hong Kong recommending a guest in the approaching darkness to catch a train to Canton in order to get into bed! Was she really serious, this Nordic maid?

To the station they started where the chances of finding a hotel would certainly be better but on the way Mrs MMP by intuition thought she saw a kind face and stopped the car to accost an elderly couple out for their constitutional. They

were most obliging and the man, eager to display his English directed them to the expensive Hotel Colombi. Here their luck turned, snatching the last two rooms from a crowd of hesitant enquirers.

The clerk at the reception desk exclaimed in surprise: 'You come from Hong Kong, so near the communists' as if they had escaped from the next world. MMP laughed:

'And there are thousands going and coming to and fro everyday.'

Though claiming to be Germany's most recently-built hotel and the best in the Schwarzwald, MMP was not impressed by the Colombi. Despite its modernity and slickness it possessed neither character nor charm, neither elegance nor spaciousness. Rooms were small, ceilings were low, bath rooms a tight fit, the dining room lacked air, in the fashion of post-war buildings in Western Europe.

To think that a new hotel built so near France should be without a 'bidet'! Apologising for this exclamation, MMP promises never to repeat the word again, in spite of the legality granted Lady Chatterley's Lover to insult the world with a more unmentionable word. He maintains, however, that the particular invention notched a very high mark in human civilization, just like the baths of the Romans, and on this count alone the French race should be entitled to the highest honour in the hierarchy.

To return to the Colombi dining room, what more appropriate than venison and sausage and beer, all native celebrities, delectable but nothing to rave about. After dinner they strolled round the Rotteckplatz. How perfectly photogenic the old houses were! As for the cameras, it proved lucky that tomorrow was Sunday and they could not survive in luxury until Monday!

Next morning at before 5 the street-sweeper was already busy in front of Colombi Park. The Germans deserve their post-war success by their industry and hard work; so much so that already

the rapidly expanding factories are being hampered by a shortage of workers. MMP did not see what should be the more important part of the country's economy, namely its agriculture. Doubtless their farmers would be working just as desperately hard but would they be as happy in their work as the French? The greatness of a nation is best measured by the happiness of its people, not at play, but at work.

After paying the substantial hotel bill, they were quitting West Germany within an hour and a half at Strasbourg.

Impressions? Too short a stay to venture upon any. Nevertheless, try as he would, MMP could find no inspiration for poetry, ancient or modern, Chinese or foreign, during his short stay.

The Great Tu K'ang (Bacchus to the Greek)*

MMP had hesitated at the road junction of Appenweier and wishes now he had continued northwards if only to sample the great Rhine wines on their home ground. Because though he esteems the Rhine wine, the most fragrant of all wines, very highly indeed, considering it one of the few suited to a Chinese meal, being bland and neutral, none too sweet, concealing just the right alcoholic content, beautiful to the throat, of a heavenly colour and a joy to behold in the glass, he had never been entirely satisfied by it; there was something lacking, perhaps an acidness not fully protected by their frail body, coupled with a sweetness that may cloy the dyspeptic tongue; that was the reason he wanted to do fuller justice to this wine. However, it is something always safe to offer under all conditions and a great stand-by in the 'frige.'

Their nearest rival is the white Graves on the western border of a neighbouring country. This needs more careful selec-

*Tu K'ang was a famous maker of wine in the Chou Dynasty, B.C. 1122-255.

tion, being either too acid or astringent. To MMP he would forego the lack of perfume in a Graves and choose it if he could find a good one, which is not easy, to serve with the sharks fins. Yet a Graves will not leave the same sense of satiety as its more famous compatriots. Foremost amongst which is of course the Champagne. As an aperitif and served at the very beginning of a meal it will act as the best host in the world by putting your guests at ease and removing those defensive inhibitions which an evil world had imposed upon every human being. A moderately dry Champagne has everything the ideal wine should possess of colour, clarity, glitter, fragrance, the faintest of sweetness, a nobility of taste, a substance that is just right, indeed a nectar of the gods that will immediately sparkle the brain together with every cell and fibre in the body to well-being and joy. It also could go all the way with a Chinese meal. Of course price is the draw-back but, alas, there is no substitute. Strange to relate MMP never tried it in its native district because the price there was no different than in Paris where they asked as much for it as in London. Another unbelievable tale, that of four different brands sampled in London, none came up to expectations. To find a good champagne is like buying a lottery ticket, especially in the East where the Lady dislikes travel and if she must would prefer the Western route across two oceans and North America rather than the hotter and more humid Suez one. This is indeed one of the great difficulties with wine, they are too easily prone to both sea and car sickness. Now in the East one should be considered lucky to find a fair Champagne once out of ten; even from the same case, each bottle had its own moods. It is proper therefore to regard wine as something alive and treat it with circumrespect.

A PART from Champagne which is out of the reach of many, France possesses in 'Burgundy' and 'Claret' the two top wines in the world. The taste of red meat and the duck and game is best enhanced by the rich heavy red juice of Burgundy which will yield its full magic when it had been carefully prepared, 'chambred' as the French say, which is really to bring it into the same temperature as that of the room, let it be oxygenated by the same air and photosynthesized in the same light. It is not enough just to open the bottle and let it stay there; one should relay it gently and slowly into another recepable, for preference a multi-faceted glass decanter, and allow it to stand for two hours before the meal. Another point: the wine should not be taken until well into the meal, just after the meat had been served and its juices penetrated into the recesses of the tongue. The best Burgundy is from the Richebourg vineyard of Romanee-Conti, a bottle of which was difficult to procure, even in London. The Clarets ('Bordeaux') from another part of France are lighter, less flamboyant and more ethereal but do not travel so well. These two red wines are entirely non-sweet, even astringent to some throats, yet soothing to others, possessing just the right percentage to be consumed by young and old in any quantity without harm, and their greatest attribute of all, inducing a sense of well-being and happiness without any trace of aggressiveness, that pernicious evil of all other alcoholic drinks, including even the beer as some British housewives knew on Saturday nights. In contrast to Burgundy which induces wit and vitality into conversation, Clarets could inspire imaginative flights and fairy-like dreams; but one could not abandon oneself to the lyrics until the sweet wines arrived with the dessert. Of these there is but one superlative in the world, that Sauterne 'white' wine from the Chateau Yquem which is just sweet dew distilled by the fair hands of the

goddess Venus herself; though it is claimed that the Monbazillac, made from grapes in the higher slopes of the Dordogne valley, taken *in situ*, in good weather, was a strong competitor. For the rest MMP should say that all local brews are good and should not be missed, whether in France or Italy or any other country. O to be able to spend a week each in Burgundy and around Bordeaux!

When opening a bottle of wine, the corks of the still ones should be gently and silently coaxed up, the best opener being one that exercises an unscrewing action which can be delicately controlled. The wine will then be delivered into the world in its perfect whole state without shock or contusion, to be courteously 'chambred' or nurtured to maturity and play its vital role in the feast. The bubbling wines, on the other hand, should be awakened with as great a 'pop' as possible, because this stimulation would be their only introduction to the world. In choosing a wine always go for a good vintage and the fair name of an exporter. For present purposes a 1953 is always a safe bet; and when one comes across a 1937, well, don't miss the opportunity. In drinking, if one cannot be heroic, one can at least be generous-minded.

ONE cannot leave the subject without mentioning the wines of the Chinese, so much improved and who made them as far as they had recorded history, in etchings on animal bones. *The Classic of Poems* contains lines like these about the primitive society:

*Make wine, make brew,
To ancestors
Perform all rites.*

*Rice exuding fragrance
Glory of the soil;
Pepper-wine as sweet
The aged to sustain.*

T'sao T'sao, the great founder of the Wei dynasty before the crucial battle of

Red-Cliff (208 A.D.), sang a great poem to his staff beginning with

*When facing wine one should sing,
How oft in life such another chance?*

...
*Antidote to our worries
There's but one Tu K'ang . . .*

Following him in the next dynasty the great recluse poet T'ao Yuan-ming (365-427) composed a series of 12 poems to wine drinking, e.g.

*Autumn chrysanthemums display their
colours,
Their flowers I pluck in the wet of dew;
Then this care-forgetting stuff I drink
To exile my recluse thoughts.
Drinking in gobletfuls only,
The emptied flask soon heels over.
Sunset arrests all activities,
Homing birds hurry into trees to sing;
Making strange noises under the eastern
porch,
Glad at least for moments like this.*

And Su Tung-po (1036-1101):

*Wine-filled I stormed the hill rain
And slept in my wet clothes, though the
night had cleared,
Oblivious of drums and bells proclaiming
the dawn;
In my dreams becoming
A butterfly unburdened of all cares.*

While every school-boy used to recite

*In the Spring festival it rained like fun,
Causing the traveller to end his day's run,
Could he enquire whereabouts a wine inn,
pray?
Pointed the cowherd boy,
O so distant, to the Almond-Flowered
Village.*

THIS historic Almond Flowered Village can be traced to the east of Fen-Hsien, Shansi, where today the same wine, the 'Bamboo-Leaf Green,' is being served from the same inn. An innocent-looking sweetish creation paler even than the bamboo leaf but embodying enough fire to warm up any rain-soaked way-farer for the last 1,400 years. Another lineage

wine is the P'u-T'ao or grape wine from T'ung Hua, famous already in the T'ang dynasty:

*In their night-glowing cups
waited the P'u T'ao wine,
When about to drink
the mounted pipas were fretting
to march away;
Please, Sir, do not ridicule
if drunken on the sand I lay,
For from the wars
how many ever do return?*

This rich wine comes in a sweet red juice or in a drier white form. The latter rivals the Rhine wine and goes well with any Chinese dinner.

BUT the choicest wines of China are:

(1) The Shao-Shing from Chekiang, best enjoyed if one drank it in tiny cupfuls, from a little wine pot kept heated in water by a small stove on the dining table; for this wine gives its best when warmed. A winter's meal or a Yang-ch'êng-hu Crab washed down by piping-hot Shao-Shing is certainly a dream. Except heating the brandy glass barbarians have hardly conceived putting thermos into their wine. Now the best Shao-Shing should have been laid down when a baby-girl was born and kept for her wedding-day; then what mellowed purity! The Sherry tastes something like it, but never as velvety. Those kept in earthen vessels are preferred to glass bottles.

(2) The glutinous rice wine of the Hakkas. This varies in quality a great deal. One should also drink it at the wedding feast. It is sweet and easy but loaded with latent mischief. The Hakka mothers rely upon it as tonic and sustenance during their lying-in periods. This brings to mind a story. During the late war when rice was scarce (part of the supply perhaps sold to the enemy by corrupt officials) urgent edicts descended upon the Kwang-tung provincial authorities to forbid absolutely the making of wine. The Director of Health who liked

a little something with his dinner naturally refused to acquiesce to such inconvenience. At the final reading of the bill he made his speech: explaining the peculiar habit of the Hakka women on maintaining their health upon the glutinous rice wine after the birth of their babies and during the lactation period, he challenged any one commissioner present to take upon himself the full onus for the health of the next Hakka generation. He won his point. To save face laws were made to permit the brewing of wine to expectant mothers only, thereby opening a loop-hole. And the gratitude he earned was not confined wholly to the mothers nor the next generation.

(3) Lastly the famed Mao-T'ai from Kweichou, as strong a spirit as anyone could wish for. Clear as crystal, with a faintly aromatic taste but a perfume that will fill a room, it should be initiated by swallowing at least $\frac{1}{2}$ a mouthful at the start when it goes down the gullet like a flaming torch to rebound, missile-like, from somewhere deep down, up through all the interstices of the nose into the head in its full fragrance and potency, after striking the head with a bang which could be heard or felt by the ears, it will go down again into the bowels to warm the whole body with a sudden glow; if this volleying could be repeated three times at one go, which would have to be a large mouthful, that is 3 successive repercussions below with 3 bangs above, one would have mastered the djinn of the Mao-T'ai and every cup afterwards would be smooth sailing. A good Mao-T'ai should be at least 10 years old and will give no ill after-effects in inebriation as MMP can personally testify.

(4) But is the Mao-T'ai, which is inflammable, the most potent of Chinese wines? A definite no. A good spirit called Ta-Ch'u can claim an even higher alcoholic content. Made from Kao-Liang it is the stuff to offer the freedom of one's circulation in the cold bleak winters of the frozen north. MMP can recom-

mend a Yang-Ho Ta-Ch'u which is absolutely free from any extraneous taste, presenting to the palate just pure liquid fire . . .

Meanwhile the car had reached the Franco-German frontier post without a

stop since the start. Not so other cars which had pulled up at various distances away to change money or to tidy up for customs inspection, a matter which never worried the family at all.

(to be continued)



A Royal Return

8 March, 1961

SINCE my last letter, by far the most important event to have occurred in this city was the return, in mid-January, of Their Majesties the King and Queen. On the day of their arrival, the whole city was *en fête*, the streets densely crowded with men and women of all ages.

In this country, despite the revolution in 1932 which put an end to the absolute monarchy, the Throne has always been held in great esteem; but this occasion was a time for very special rejoicing. Their Majesties' journey to many foreign countries, which had included a series of state visits, had been enormously successful. It had put this relatively small but not unimportant Asian kingdom squarely on the map among the peoples of the Far West. Their Majesties' elegance and charm, assisted by Queen Sirikit's very widely praised beauty, had won for them friends and admirers among people of all classes in the countries which had played host to them. The hope is frequently expressed here that Their Majesties' enhanced international prestige will be of value to them in fulfilling their tasks in this country. Their popularity has never been higher.

Your correspondent was unwilling to trust his car to such dense crowds in a city where vehicles (especially taxis) are apt to shoot by, passing one on the right and on the left simultaneously, and where the larger private cars are used very much like tanks whose commanders had received orders to intimidate the population by constant threats to ram the enemy (*i.e.*, the drivers of smaller cars). So he proceeded to the Way of Kings partly by bus and partly on foot. He was so struck by the genuine enthusiasm of the crowds as to conclude that Thailand is a country in which the monarchy may still have a very active rôle.

IN other respects, the city has been as usual. Improvements are continuing at the same dizzy speed, causing people returning from Hong Kong, India and the Far West to raise their hands in astonishment at the beginning of every visit. Never before have the roads here been so wide, so smooth and so solidly lined with oblong cubes of concrete shops. Yet one ingredient is sadly lacking—taste. Perhaps this is not surprising. Good taste in media and forms foreign to local tradition is rare enough even in countries such as China and Japan which, since the dawn of their history, have produced talented artists and poets almost as plentifully as the frogs in my garden-pond spawn forth their young.

The most recent horror is still under construction. It is an enormous likeness of the famous swan-headed royal barge; but, instead of being dragon-slender, phoenix-graceful, it is rather fat; and, in place of a thin spiralling throne-tower in the centre, it has a two-storey restaurant-building covering almost the entire deck-space. Worse still, this huge monstrosity not only takes up far too much of a small and hitherto charming lake but blots from view almost half the remaining expanse of tree-lined water. No doubt it will be hailed, when completed, as a signal mark of progress, for tourists will be able to enjoy their egg-crowned steaks in a truly Oriental atmosphere and feel the thrill of having dined on a *royal barge!* Years ago, several allegedly traditional style university buildings in China used to call your correspondent's irreverent mind tall, dour, toothy missionaries clad in sober Western garments but unaccountably sporting gorgeous mandarin hats; now, alas, it seems fashionable for the architects of most Asian cities to derive their inspiration from San Francisco's Chinatown and from Hollywood's 'The King and I.'

As though to spite my previous scepticism, the haunts of vice in this city really have been closed. Bangkok, once proud of being the Paris as well as the Venice of the East, is now proud of being as un-vicious as Plymouth. By a curious coincidence, just at the time when the brothels and bath-houses (with a few highly privileged exceptions, of course) were closed down, a host of chicken-restaurants sprang up all over the city. In some of them, there are as many as two or three well-conducted, uniformed waitresses to every patron and they vie conscientiously for the pleasure of serving him—somehow the patrons always do seem to be he's and not she's. In all such places, there are strings of coloured lights attached to roofs and trees as symbols of the new morality. Green trees flood-lit with luridly red arc-lights proclaim that vice now gazes respectfully at purity. A patron, misled by drink or error to the extent of forgetting that red is now subservient to green, will be met with stares of round-eyed wonder if he voices any desire for entertainment other than eating and drinking—on the premises. (What, if anything, may happen later off the premises is obviously not the fault of the chicken-restaurants. Moreover, there are even some long established chicken-restaurants which really do specialize in roast chicken.)

A few days ago, an audience consisting almost wholly of youths and a very few maidens suddenly arose in wrath and wrecked the interior of a cinema—ripping seat-covers, carpets and so on. Their riotous behaviour

was the result of a bitter disappointment. The management had promised them that the main film would be preceded by the live performances of *several* rock-'n-roll bands. When the film started without these bands having made an appearance, pandemonium broke loose; the hall became a seething mass of outraged youths and maidens venting their wrath vicariously upon the perfidious theatre-management.

Your correspondent, on first reading this news, felt genuinely shocked by such misbehaviour on the part of Bangkok's usually well-conducted youth. Then, in his usual way, he reflected a little. Suddenly he found himself wholeheartedly on the side of the wrong-doers. Why? It had just occurred to him that the performance of even one rock-'n-roll band was quite enough to make him long to commit *sepuku* (*harakiri*) in order to find relief. The torture of hearing *several* such bands might well drive him to slitting other people's bellies first—especially those of the performers. If, then, an anti-rock-'n-roll man is in danger of being driven to murder and suicide by its hideous cacophony, why should not pro-rock-'n-foll youths and maidens be driven to slitting cushions by absence of such cacophony? Cushions are cheaper to replace than bellies; they suffer less pain; their contents are less messy.

The management of that cinema seem to have shared your correspondent's point of view. They declined to prefer charges against either youths or maidens on the grounds that their behaviour, under the circumstances, had been 'quite natural!' Long live Bangkok!

Chu Fêng



Every Dish has its Story

Guy Young

GERMAN cooking is nourishing, French is tasty, Japanese and Scandinavian appeals to the eye. In China, every dish has its story—apart from calories, vitamins, smell, taste and looks. (In America and Britain, advertisers stress the musical entertainment of cereals that 'go snap, crackle, pop.')

I am a Fukienese, and a gourmet. Therefore I will tell you some stories linked to famous and colourful Fukienese dishes. For those whose susceptibilities are not only literary but also culinary (as are mine) I will also tell what they are like, and how to cook them.

Unlike the Cantonese, the Fukienese never care for snake, cat or dog meat. Situated at the mouth of the Min River and like Hong Kong or Marseilles, Foochow is a place for sea food. The Fukienese excel in preparing fish dishes.

There is the 'Five Willow Fish with Noodles,' for instance. A live fish weighing three or four pounds is chosen and put in a bucket full of fresh water. In this way the fish is encouraged to discharge its ordure. It is kept alive until the last possible moment. Then, the task of preparing the sauce begins. This consists of soy bean sauce, vinegar, sliced chili and a very small quantity of sugar. Actually the fish is not cooked.

After it has been quickly killed, the cook merely pours boiling water onto its body. In this way, the fish is always fresh and tender. Before it is brought up to the table, the specially prepared sauce and noodles are added. You are supposed to eat the fish first and when there is no more left, then the plain noodles are taken mixed with the fish sauce. There can be no doubt that the noodles are extremely tasty since they have absorbed the flavour of the whole dish.

At first, I could not understand why or how this dish got its present name. Once an old Fukienese scholar was good enough to tell me the origin of the Five Willow Fish. He claimed that as early as in the Chin dynasty (A.D. 265-420), the people in Fukien already knew how to prepare this dish. In those days, Tao Yuan-min, the pastoral poet, happened to try it once and liked it very much. Since it became the poet's favourite dish, the Fukienese people were much flattered and decided to name the dish after him—he called himself 'the Sire of the Five Willows' after leading a hermit's life.

Of course it is difficult to confirm such an historical allusion, but we can have no objection to its association with a poet who is often compared with William Wordsworth.

AMONG pork dishes, the Fukienese cooks distinguish themselves in preparing spareribs of pork. There is one dish called 'Spareribs' Broiled in a Foreign Way' (*yang shao pai*) which greatly strikes my fancy. To prepare this dish, the cooks cut the spareribs into large thick rectangular pieces, about half the size of a human palm. Then, they add adequate amount of soy bean sauce, vinegar, sugar, lard, *La Chiang Yu* (sauce) and brandy, as well as a pinch of baking powder to make the gravy. It will take at least three or four hours to have the spareribs broiled on a small fire, preferably that from a charcoal stove.

When this dish is served, its wonderful smell will definitely make your mouth water. As soon as you pick up a piece with your chopsticks, you can see how tender it is. The climax comes when you put it into your mouth. It melts like a lump of snow and yet its appetizing flavour gives you an immense pleasure. Even if you watch your weight with great care, you will not be able to resist the temptation of this dish for a second, third or even a fourth helping.

Next to this dish, I would not hesitate to recommend 'Spareribs Stuck with Spring Onions' (*chuan chun pai ku*). In fact, the way to prepare this dish is nearly the same as that of the widely known Sweet and Sour Pork. But the difference lies in the addition of spring onions. After the spareribs are cut into tiny pieces, the bones are removed and spring onions are stuck in their place. After these preliminaries, the spareribs are fried and then a gravy is added. This is a quick dish which can be made at fifteen minutes' notice.

Curious by nature, I once asked a certain Fukienese cook about the origin of this dish. He told me that it owes its existence to a Manchurian Governor of Fukien in the 19th century. Like all Manchurians, this governor was very fond of spring onions. During his stay in Foochow, he became a devotee of Fukienese

dishes. The only complaint he had was that there was insufficient onion. His personal cook was most adaptable. One day, when he was preparing a plate of sweet and sour spareribs, an inspiration came upon him. He removed the bones and replaced them with spring onions. Needless to say, such a new recipe pleased the governor to the greatest extent and the cook was handsomely rewarded.

Whether the story is true or not never bothers us gourmets, but the delicious taste of the dish is universally recognized.

THE Fukienese cooks are also very good at making all kinds of soups. At this time of the year, I think that the first prize goes to the 'Fish-Tientsin Cabbage Combination.' The fish for this soup is a type known as Croaker (Yellow Fish). They slice the Croaker into thick pieces and boil them with Tientsin cabbage. Again, this soup must be cooked on a charcoal fire and it takes time. No other ingredient but a negligible quantity of lard should be added during the preparation of the dish. When it is served on the table, a pinch of salt is needed. The soup looks like milk after the long cooking process and tastes much better than Fish Chowder-Soup. The fresh fishy flavour goes deep into the Tientsin cabbage and you will be unable to tell the cabbage from the fish and vice versa.

The 'Fairy's Chicken Soup' appeals more to those who are not fond of fish. To make this soup, a live chicken must be used. The chicken is cut into square pieces which are then placed in an earthen pot. An adequate amount of water and a little bit yellow wine are all that is required. The earthen pot must be sealed tightly and then laid on a charcoal stove. During the course of cooking, the cover of the earthen pot must, of course, remain sealed, whilst the fire must be as low as possible.

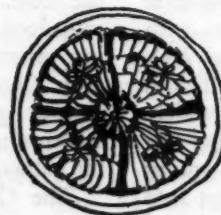
The drinkers again add salt when the soup is ready. Once, I let a foreign friend

of mine try this soup and he exclaimed: 'It's so tasty. I am so tempted by it, that it should be called the devil's soup instead of its present name!' His appreciation pleased both the cook and myself. Then the cook, who possessed a keen sense of humour, started to call this foreigner a 'fairy.' Naturally the latter was surprised and demanded the cook to state the reason. The cook smiled and said, 'We call it the Fairy's Chicken Soup because it is believed that the soup is good enough to serve the fairies. It seems to me, since you like it so much, you must be one of that immortal band.'

His words brought the house down.

Here in Hong Kong, if you want to be a 'fairy,' or share the tastes of a great Manchurian governor, you can go to a tiny restaurant called Wu Hua in Wellington Street and try some Fukienese dishes for yourself. But I ought to warn you that this restaurant looks a little scruffy and is always overcrowded at lunch time.

Of course, the splendour of a restaurant has nothing to do with the standard of its cuisine. A gourmet patronises the restaurant's dishes, not its ornaments.



The Dumb Cow

Khwaja Ahmad Abbas

HE was named Sulekha—the Lucky One—at birth, but since her childhood every one called her Bholi—the simpleton.

According to some of the neighbours, the fourth daughter of Numberdar¹ Ramlal, when she was ten months old, had fallen off the cot on her head. It was a soft mud floor and so the little one had survived the accident. But, they said, perhaps some part of the brain was irreparably damaged and that was why she remained a backward child and came to be known as Bholi—the simpleton.

The old women of the village had a different tale to tell. They said that at birth the fourth daughter of Numberdar Ramlal was so fair and pretty that she looked like the child of a White Memsaheb. Pink cheeks, silk-soft hair and big black eyes that looked even more beautiful when the mother applied a touch of *kohl*. People from all over the village specially came to see the Numberdar's new-born child. It was the Evil Eye of one of them that caused the awful tragedy. The child was barely two years old when she suffered a malignant attack of small-pox. Only the eyes were saved, but the face and the whole body was permanently disfigured by deep black pock-marks. The fever-heat affected the brain, and when little Sulekha began to speak she stammered.

For the child's stammering there were some who blamed *Lado* the village mid-wife. It was this fat old woman who officiated at every delivery. It was she who cut the umbilical cord, bathed the new-born and then put her finger into the baby's mouth to open and clean the throat-hole. That's why babies born at *Lado*'s hands cried so lustily that the whole village knew of the happy event. But it was said that the day Numberdar Ramlal's fourth daughter was born *Lado* the mid-wife was in a hurry, for she had also to go to the house of the Tehsildar² whose wife was already in labour pains. From there she expected a fee of at least five rupees for the delivery, and if it was a boy she would get an extra ten rupees. And so the moment the Numberdar's wife delivered the baby, *Lado* quickly cut the umbilical cord, hurriedly bathed the girl-child, wrapping it in some rags, left it by the mother's side and, pausing only to receive the traditional one rupee and five annas from the Numberdar (who, in any case, was not over-pleased at the birth of a fourth daughter), she hurried away to the Tehsildar's bungalow. It was thus that she forgot to clean and open the new-born's throat-hole. As a consequence the child's crying was stifled and choked, and when at last she learnt to speak at the age of five she lisped and even stammered. And when the other

1. Minor Revenue official of a village.

2. Revenue Collector.

children made fun of her and mimicked her stammering she shut up within herself. Only when she needed something she spoke a few halting words. Her stammering talk was so ridiculously simple and direct that those who heard it could not help laughing. 'Oh, the fourth daughter of the Numberdar is really *bholi*, a simpleton.' And that is what she came to be known—*Bholi*!

Ramlal had seven children—three sons and four daughters, and the youngest of them all was *Bholi*. It was a prosperous farmer's household and there was plenty to eat, milk and curds and butter and *ghee*.³ All the children except *Bholi* were healthy and strong. The eldest son *Surender*, barely fifteen, was almost as tall as his father, *Radha* who was a little over thirteen looked a full-grown young woman. Ramlal celebrated *Radha*'s wedding with great pomp and show, gave a costly dowry and a huge feast for the entire village. The bridegroom's father, too, was the Numberdar of a neighbouring village, and it was regarded as a union of two prosperous families. The boy had passed his Matriculation and now was going to a college in the city. So Ramlal decided to send his sons to the city, too, to study in school and later in college. These are days of education, he argued, and even a farmer's son is better off with the tail of M.A., B.A., or at least F.A. behind his name. As for the daughters, one by one, all of them would be married off. Already the second one *Mangla* was betrothed and soon after her wedding they would find a match for *Champa*, too. They were good-looking, healthy girls, and there was no dearth of prospective bridegrooms for them.

But often at night, after the meal, as Ramlal sat on his cot, smoking his *hookah*,⁴ he would say to his wife, 'Mother of *Surender*, there is nothing to worry about the other children but who

will marry this poor wretch of a *Bholi*? She has neither a face nor sense in her head.' And with a deep and soft sigh, the mother would say, 'What *Bhagwan* wills shall be done!'

And in a corner of the courtyard, lying awake on her little cot, little *Bholi* would think, 'What is marriage? And where does *Bhagwan* reside?'

BHOLI was seven years old when *Mangla* was married and went to stay with her husband's family. The same year a primary school for girls was opened in their village. And when the Tehsildar Saheb came to perform its opening ceremony, he spoke to Numberdar Ramlal, 'As a revenue official you are the representative of the Government in the village and so you must set an example to the other villagers. You must be the first to send your daughters to the school.'

That night when Ramlal consulted his wife, she cried, 'Are you crazy? If girls go to school, who will marry them? Moreover *Champa* is already betrothed. Those people may break off the engagement if they come to know she is going to a school.'

But Ramlal had other worries. He explained to his wife that times had changed and the new Government wanted village officials like him not only to collect revenue but also to set an example by sending their daughters to school. 'I cannot refuse the orders of the Tehsildar Saheb. I may lose my job.'

His wife was known for her shrewdness. And Ramlal was once again convinced of it when she said, 'I tell you what to do. Send *Bholi* to school. As it is, there is little chance of her getting married, with her ugly face and lack of sense. Let the teachers in school worry about her.'

The next day when Ramlal gruffly told *Bholi*, 'Come with me,' she was afraid she was being turned out of the house—even as *Lakshmi* had been turned

3. Clarified Butter.

4. Hubble-bubble, smoking pipe.

out. Lakshmi was their old cow whom Bholi loved so much because she never made fun of Bholi, never asked her questions which made the simpleton conscious of her ignorance, never scolded her like her father nor cursed her like her mother. She only mutely looked at Bholi with those big watery eyes of hers and, sometimes when Bholi had been crying, licked the little girl's face with her long pink tongue which soothed the child like a mother's caress. But Lakshmi had grown old, had stopped giving milk and would never again deliver a calf. She could only stand there in the corner of the cattle-shed chewing the cud. So Ramlal had quietly made a bargain with a butcher, received twenty-five rupees and then pushed her out into the lane where the butcher was waiting. It was noon-time on a hot summer day when people lay in the cool of their darkened huts. There was no one in the lane—no one except Bholi who had heard the piteous lowing of Lakshmi and run out of the house filled with a nameless fear. She tried to snatch the rope from the butcher's hand but he pushed her away and she fell on her face breaking one of her front teeth. She wanted to scream aloud, 'Don't take away my Lakshmi,' but the sudden shock of seeing Lakshmi dragged away accentuated her stammer, and she could only struggle with the very first word 'D-d-d-d-d—don't,' as Lakshmi was dragged away to her doom.

So when her father caught her by the hand and said, 'Come on with me, I will take you to school,' and she did not know what was a school, she thought that like Lakshmi she too was being handed over to a heartless butcher. 'N—n—n—n no, no—no—no—no,' she shouted, the terror overcoming even her stammer as she violently pulled her hand away from her father's grip.

'What's the matter with you, you fool,' Ramlal spoke, more surprised than angry at her hysterical reaction, 'I am only taking you to school, not handing you over

to a butcher with a knife.' Then he ordered his wife, 'Let her wear some decent clothes today. Or else what will the teachers and the other school-girls think of us when they see her? After all, she is supposed to be our daughter, even if she is a fool.'

New clothes were never made for Bholi. When Champa grew out of her dresses, or when they were worn out and torn, they were passed on to Bholi. Since no one cared to mend or wash her clothes, she was always dressed in dirty rags. But today she was lucky to receive a clean dress which had shrunk after many washings and no longer fitted Champa. She was even given a bath and linseed-oil was rubbed into her otherwise dry and matted hair. Only then she felt reassured that she was not going to be handed over to a butcher. Maybe she was going to be taken to a place better than her home!

WHEN they reached the school the children were already in their classes. Ramlal handed over his daughter to the Head Mistress with the words of the ages-old formula: 'The body of the child belongs to the *Guru*.' If she is disobedient chastise her with a cane as hard as you wish, only don't break her bones.' Left alone, the poor girl looked about her with fear-laden eyes. There were several rooms, and in each room girls like her squatted on the mats, reading from books or writing on slates. The Head Mistress asked Bholi to sit down in a corner in one of the class-rooms, and then she was forgotten.

Even now Bholi did not know what exactly was a school and what happened there, but nevertheless she was relieved to find so many girls of almost of her own age present there. Her own sisters never spoke a friendly word to her. But she hoped that one of those girls may become her friend—even as Lakshmi was

her friend! And thinking of the old cow she was sad again.

She could hear the lady teacher saying something to the girls but the talk was unintelligible to her. She was interested in the pictures on the wall. The life-like colours fascinated her—the horse was red just like the horse on which the Tehsildar had come to visit their village; the goat was black like the goat of their neighbour the old weaver; the parrot was green with a bright red beak like the parrots she had seen in the mango-garden, and the black-and-white spotted cow was just like Lakshmi—and suddenly Bholi noticed that the teacher was standing by her side, smiling at her.

'What's your name, little one?'

'Bho—Bho—Bho—' She was so nervous and afraid that she could not even utter her own name.

One of the girls in the class volunteered the information, 'Teacher, her name is Bholi.'

And all the girls burst out laughing, and Bholi felt the waves of laughter like slaps on her face. Her cheeks turned red with a feeling of shame and helplessness and she grit her teeth in a desperate attempt to pronounce her name.

'Bh—Bho—Bho—' she could stammer no further than that.

Then she began to cry and the tears flowed from her eyes in a helpless flood till she was exhausted and could only sob. She kept her head down as she sat in her corner, not daring to look up at the girls who she knew were still laughing at her.

When the school-bell rang, all the girls scurried out of the class room, but Bholi dared not leave her corner. Her head still lowered, she kept on sobbing.

'Bholi.'

That was what everyone always called her, but they uttered the word with contempt, with derision, as if by just calling her Bholi—the simpleton—they were making fun of her. But the teacher's voice was so soft and soothing, like the

warm and soft touch of the cow Lakshmi's tongue which so far had been the only caress of affection she had ever received.

'Get up,' said the teacher and it was not a command, just a friendly suggestion. Bholi got up.

'Now tell me your name.'

Sweat broke over her whole body in a spasm of nervousness. Will her stammering tongue again disgrace her? For the sake of this kind woman, however, she decided to make an effort. At least the teacher with the soothing voice would not laugh at her.

'Bh—Bh—Bho—Bho—' she began to stammer.

'Well done, well done,' the teacher encouraged her, 'Come on now—the full name?'

'Bh—Bh—Bho—Bholi.' At last she was able to blurt it out and felt relieved as if it was a great achievement.

'Well done,' the teacher patted her affectionately and said, 'When you put the fear out of your heart you will be able to speak, like every one else.'

Bholi looked up with eyes filled with a sudden desperate hope as if to ask, 'Really?'

'Yes, yes—it will be very easy. You just come to school every day. You *will* come?'

Bholi nodded a promise.

'No—say it aloud—if you really want to come here, you will have no difficulty in saying Yes.'

'Ye—Ye—Yes, teacher.'

And Bholi herself was astonished that she had been able to say it.

'Didn't I tell you? Now take this book.'

The book was full of nice pictures and the pictures were in colours. Dog, Cat, Goat, Horse, Parrot, Tiger, Cow—a cow just like Lakshmi. And with every picture was a word in big black Hindi characters.

'In one month you will be able to read this book, Bholi. Then I will give

you a bigger book—then a still bigger one. In time you will be more learned than any one else in the village. Then no one will ever be able to laugh at you. People will listen to you with respect. Whatever you feel you will be able to speak out without the slightest stammer. Understand? Now go and come back early to-morrow morning.'

Bholi felt as if suddenly all the bells in the village temple were ringing, as if the bare thorny *Kikar* tree in front of the school house had blossomed into big red flowers, as if her stammer was miraculously gone and she was singing all the songs that she had heard her sisters singing, the songs she had yearned to sing but which had remained frozen on her stammering tongue.

She thought: When I go home and Father and Mother and Champa ask me what it was like at school, I will tell them how big and wonderful is the school house, and how kind is the lady teacher, I will show them this beautiful book and all the pictures in it, and when I tell them all this I will not stammer a bit.

But when she reached home, Father did not ask her anything.

Mother did not ask anything, only shouted at her, 'Now take off these clothes and keep them for to-morrow. You are not going to spoil them by wearing them at home.'

Her sister Champa did not ask anything. She kept on sewing the silken *shalwar* for her wedding trousseau, and did not even look at Bholi.

So Bholi could not tell any one about her school, her teacher and her book. If only Lakshmi was there, Bholi would have liked to talk to her even if the poor cow could not speak to her. 'Don't tell anyone, Lakshmi,' she would have said, 'but one day I am going to speak clear and loud like any one else. The teacher says it is possible and I believe her.'

But Lakshmi had long since died under the butcher's knife.

So Bholi sat quietly in her corner and

hid her book in the pile of rags which comprised of her wardrobe. But her heart was beating fast with thrilling anticipation. 'One day I will speak. I will speak. I will speak . . .'

And thus the years passed.

BHOLI kept on going to school, for after all Ramlal was a Numberdar, a keeper of revenue records, the representative of the Government in the village, and so he must set an example by sending at least one daughter to school.

Champa was married off and in course of time presented her husband with a son, followed a year later with twins.

Surender scraped through his B.A. in Third Division and got a job as a clerk in the city.

Ramlal collected a lot of bribes from the farmers and rebuilt his house with new red bricks.

The big village became a small town, the primary school became a high school, there was now a cinema under a tin shed, and a cotton ginning mill. The mail trains began to stop at their railway station, and they received visits from not only the Tehsildar and the Collector but once even a Deputy Minister came to declare open the ginning mill.

One night, reclined on a canvas deck-chair which his son had presented him, and enjoying his after-dinner cigarette which had now replaced his *hookah*, the grey-haired Ramlal said to his wife: 'Then, shall I accept Bishamber's proposal?'

'Yes, certainly,' his wife agreed, 'This wretch will be lucky to get such a well-to-do bridegroom. A big shop, a house of his own, and I hear several thousands in the bank. Moreover, the poor fellow is not asking for any cash in the dowry.'

'That's right, but I was only wondering. He is not so young, you know—almost the same age as I am—and also he limps. Moreover the children from his first wife are quite grown-up.'

'So what does it matter?' His wife countered, 'Forty-five or fifty—it's no great age for a man. Who else will wed this ugly-face of ours? We are lucky that Bishamber is from another village, and does not know about her pock-marks and her lack of sense. If we don't accept this proposal she may remain unmarried all her life.'

Ramlal had one more doubt. 'I wonder what Bholi will say.'

'What will that witless one say? She has neither sense in her skull nor tongue in her mouth. The poor wretch is like a dumb cow. You sold Lakshmi to the butcher. Did she say a word?'

'Maybe you are right,' muttered Ramlal and lighted another cigarette.

In the other corner of the court-yard, Bholi lay awake on her cot, listening to her parents' whispered conversation, and gazing at the sky above where a million stars twinkled, her silent, distant friends. And she wondered what the stars would say to her if only they could speak.

BISHAMBER Nath was a well-to-do grocer who sold salt, sugar, spices, pulses and adulterated *ghee*.⁶ He brought a big party of friends and relations with him for the wedding. A brass band playing a new Rock 'n Roll tune from an Indian film headed the procession with the aged bridegroom riding a decorated horse, the wrinkles on his own face conveniently hidden behind the traditional veil of flowers. Ramlal was overjoyed to see such pomp and splendour. He had never dreamt that his fourth daughter would have such a grand wedding. Radha, Mangla and Champa who had come for the occasion were vocally envious of their sister's luck.

'Strange are the ways of destiny,' commented Mangla, 'such a rich husband for a stammering pock-marked fool!'

But Radha consoled her sister—and

herself, 'Have you seen the bridegroom? I hear he uses hair-dye to blacken his grey moustaches.'

And Champa added, 'I hear he is lame, too.'

This made them somewhat reconciled to the trick of fate which had bestowed such a rich husband on their least worthy sister.

The garlands and folded *paan* leaves were being distributed to the bridegroom's party. The band was now playing the tunes from the latest hit film.

The priest who had been called to perform the ceremony declared, 'The auspicious moment approaches near. Let the bride be given away.'

Bishamber Nath impatiently walked up to the sacred fire, unescorted, and sat down, much to the amusement of his friends one of whom remarked, 'Look, the bridegroom can hardly wait.'

'Bring the bride, bring the bride.' The word was passed on inside to the women's quarters.

The mother supported Bholi as she got up muffled in her red silken bridal dress. 'Daughter, you are really lucky.'

There was an answering rustle and jangle from the bundle of silks and ornaments as Bholi was led to the bride's place near the sacred fire.

'Garland the bride,' one of his friends prompted Bishamber.

The bridegroom lifted the garland of yellow marigolds. A woman slipped back the silken veil from the bride's face. The garland remained poised and trembling in Bishamber's hands.

'Wait!' he whispered to the friend next to him, but there were many among the assembled guests who know instantly that a crisis had developed, for they saw the bride pulling down the veil over her face.

'Did you see? She has pock-marks on her face,' Bishamber was hoarsely whispering to his friend.

'So what? You are not so young, either.'

'But if we knew she is so ugly we

6. Clarified butter.

should have asked for at least five thousands.'

'It's too late for that. Do you want to cancel everything *now*?'

'No, but tell the Numberdar to produce five thousand rupees.'

When he heard this, Ramlal was shocked into speechlessness. In all his life he had never been so humiliated. To pay five thousand out of the eight thousand that he had collected after twenty years of bribe-taking—and only he knew how difficult it was becoming to get a bribe out of the farmers now!

He went and placed his turban—his honour—at his would-be son-in-law's feet.

'Don't humiliate me, son, Take two thousands.'

'No. Five thousands. Or we go back. Keep your daughter.'

'Be a little considerate, *please*. If you go back, I can never show my face in the village.'

'Then out with five thousands.'

Tears streaming down his face, Ramlal went in, opened the safe and counted out the notes. He placed the bundle at the bridegroom's feet.

On Bishamber's greedy face appeared a triumphant smile. He had gambled and won. 'Give me the garland,' he announced.

Once again the veil was slipped back from the bride's face, but this time her eyes were not downcast. She was looking up, looking straight at her would-be husband, and in her eyes there was neither anger nor hate, only cold contempt.

Bishamber raised the garland to place round the bride's neck, but before he could do so Bholi's hand struck out like a streak of lightning and the garland was flung into the fire. She got up and threw away the veil.

The guests were scandalized by the bride's outrageous behaviour. 'So ugly and so shameless.' 'Disgusting, I tell you.' 'We thought she was a simpleton.'

'These are, indeed, evil times, brother.' There were as many comments as the people present.

'Pitaji,' Bholi's voice, calling her father, rose loud and clear, without the slightest suspicion of stammer.

Her father, her mother, sisters and brothers, relations and neighbours, were even more surprised to hear her speak so effortlessly than by her shameless defiance of convention.

'Pitaji! Take back your money. I am not going to marry this man.'

'Bholi, are you crazy? Ramlal shouted, 'You want to disgrace your family? Have some regard for our *izzat*,' daughter.'

'For the sake of your *izzat* I was willing to marry this lame old man. But I will not have such a mean, greedy and contemptible coward as my husband. I won't, I won't, I won't.' And she reiterated her determination as if she was in the grip of hysteria.

'What a shameless bussy? We all thought she was a harmless dumb cow.'

Bholi turned violently on the old woman, 'Yes, auntie, you are right. You all thought I was a dumb-driven cow, that's why you wanted to hand me over to this heartless butcher? But the dumb cow, the stammering fool, is now speaking. Do you want to hear more?'

BISHAMBER Nath the grocer was going back with his party, swearing fearful vengeance, and the confused bandsmen, thinking this was the end of the ceremony, struck up the National Anthem, '*Jana Gana Mana . . .*'

Ramlal stood rooted to the same spot, his head bowed low with the weight of grief and shame. His wife was wailing aloud as if there had been a death in the family.

When the flames turned to embers in the sacred fire and every one was gone,

Ramlal turned to Bholi and said, 'What had to happen has happened. But what about you? No one will ever marry you now. What shall we do with you?'

And Sulekha who was called Bholi, and whom everyone had always imagined to be a dumb cow, a simpleton and a stammering fool, said in a voice that was calm and steady, 'Don't you worry, father. In your old age I will serve you

and mother. And I will teach in the same school where I learnt so much. Isn't that right, Sister?'

The teacher who all along had stood in a corner, silently watching the drama, replied, 'Yes, Bholi, of course,' and in her smiling eyes was the light of a deep satisfaction that an artist experiences when he contemplates the completion of his masterpiece.



Another Country?

Poems of Solitude

Translated from the Chinese by Jerome Ch'en & Michael Bullock

(Abelard-Schuman: London, New York, Toronto, 1960. Price in England, 25s.)

TO begin at the beginning, this is a beautiful example of modern book production. As times go it is as inexpensive a book of beauty as can be imagined. The text and the decorations agree, and oriental characters meet the others graciously; but I wish I could summon up the shade of some old Italian bookbinder to say how wonderfully the binding competes with the white vellum once so triumphant.

Thus far of the tangible book. The next thing is the poetry, which is not so easy a matter to define, translation being everlastingly one of our human perplexities; but we have two partners here who can be relied on, and who have had plenty of experience beyond literary studies in both hemispheres. They have selected examples of six poets from the third to the tenth century, a kind of lineage, not because forms of poetry did not change during that considerable passage of time but because 'they share the common theme of solitude and solitary meditation and reverie.'

It does not seem possible that such a poem as the following by Juan Chi should have preceded those of Verlaine by nearly two thousand years:

Sitting in an empty hall

*I enjoy no one's company.
Going out to the endless road
I see no chariot or horse.
Climbing up a hill
I look at places far away.
A solitary bird hovers
And a stray beast wanders.
The setting sun reminds me of relatives
and friends.
How I have longed to talk to them!*

'How doth the city sit solitary . . .' The voice of the old Hebrew bard is not more moving than that of Pao Chao in the year 459; his 'Ruined City' seen through the medium of another language is at once a masterpiece of verse-painting and a noble lamentation. Wang Wei and P'ei Ti are seen in competition, like Shelley and Keats, on several delightful themes in the T'ang dynasty. Li Ho, who died at the same age as Keats but a thousand years earlier has his curious fancies (one poem on the constellation of the Horse is short but ironically strange). The sixth poet in the anthology, Li Yu, who for a time in the tenth century ruled a kingdom and was then interned, writes prison poems of escape that is not escape in the end, but exquisite in its illusions and yearnings.

Edmund Blunden



An Alcoholic Baby

Gone Away: an Indian Journal

by Dom Moraes

(Heinemann, London, 1960. 18s.)

WHEN I first read Dom Moraes' poetry I was enchanted. So were others. He was a celebrity before he was twenty. Deservedly. He wrote verse in the grand tradition of Shelley and Keats. Apparently he did so the moment he could write at all. He was a child prodigy.

Gone Away, misnamed a 'Journal', shows that he still is. The book is a best-seller in the West, though torn to pieces in the East.

Like Koestler, young Dommie reassures the West that the East is inferior, Red or Un-Red. Like Koestler, he may remain a child prodigy all his life.

Other and better reviewers have pointed out the 'terminological inexactitudes,' blatant untruths and clever half-truths in this book. One Indian critic wrote to the many people whose supposed utterances are reported in the 'Journal'. Only one is prepared to say that he was reported fairly (though not quite accurately).

Dom Moraes records alleged conversations with famous men. In his own version, he bests them all. Most of them he holds up to world-wide ridicule.

Well—maybe they deserve it. Anyway, they are men of consequence, and can afford it.

What hurts me is that the author also triumphs at the expense of unnamed unimportant ordinary people who have no chance to deny the truth of his statements.

It has been said in explanation of Dom Moraes' slips that he is a self-advertised alcoholic. But that is no valid excuse. Burns was a drinker—yet he loved ordinary people. So did Li Po. So did Dylan Thomas. So did a myriad of others.

Though the one poem the author includes in his book is slipshod, his language—on the whole—is still that of an inspired poet.

To turn a grown-up prodigy into an adult artist usually takes untold suffering. So far Dom Moraes has inflicted it on others. I do not wish that the boy should experience it himself. If he enjoys the sweet and heavy wine of success in the less discriminating sectors of the West, I wish him luck.

I will turn to his wonderful childhood poems.

F. J.



Facts about South Africa

Shooting at Sharpeville

by The Bishop of Johannesburg
(*Victor Gollancz, Ltd., London, 1960. 18s.*)

THIS slim volume of 159 pages provides an account of the Sharpeville shooting and a picture of South Africa today. The photographic illustrations speak for themselves; they demonstrate the situation before, during and after the massacre.

There is no better person than Dr Ambrose Reeves, Bishop of Johannesburg, to write on this incident; because 'he tells of times and events with which he is well-acquainted.'

Indeed, the morning after the shooting, the Bishop himself 'became involved in this tragic event.' He was the first to interview the victims whose statements were recorded by lawyers; he engaged attorneys to defend them and, until his deportation, he worked to make the truth about Sharpeville and the fate of the Africans known to the world.

An important revelation is that, the crowd of 'not more than 5,000' which gathered outside the police station on the day of the shooting, was unarmed and non-violent; at no time was it threatening or dangerous. They were shot down. Sixty seven were killed and one hundred and eighty six injured; 'some of the victims were youngsters and there were women and elderly men among the dead and wounded.' But the Government stated that '... the disturbances at Sharpeville ... resulted from a planned demonstration of about 20,000 natives in which demonstrators attacked the police with assorted weapons including fire arms ...' The police 'made no effort to investigate the situation that existed,' nor did they make any attempt to persuade the crowd by non-violent means to disperse. And as the Bishop observed, 'From the statement of the attorney, conversation with the injured, as well as the reports of the evidence given at the judicial enquiry, it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that the shooting that day in March was deliberate and unnecessary ...'

To understand what happened at Sharpeville, one must know the wider background of apartheid; as 'Sharpeville was only one of the many

tragic consequences of the desperate endeavour to preserve "white civilization" by the use of force.

Africans are said to be uncivilized; they are 'inferior'; 'unfit to govern themselves.' But apartheid practice is itself uncivilized conduct and a violation of international law.

By Western standards, the African is backward. But for over three hundred years white policy has been directed at securing that the black man should work for the white. Under white rule in South Africa, the African has been exploited ruthlessly, and kept ignorant of his basic human rights. Countless repressive statutes have been enacted to render the African powerless. The pattern is the same as in the Congo. Africans have been forcibly denied self-advancement by restrictive laws. Even if education were open to an African, how far could he go, if, 'in actual fact, some 80% of the African families ... had a family income of under £20.00 per month ... whereas in order to maintain such a family requires at least £36.00?' Hence, the reason why masses of them live in abject poverty and just 'manage to exist only at the expense of depriving themselves of the food necessary to maintain them in health.' This poverty is the result of the systematic exploitation.

'Since the events at Sharpeville, they (the authorities) have been at pains both to justify the action that was taken and to commend the conduct of the police. More recently, they have gone so far as to make it plain that, if similar circumstances should occur in the future, the police will not hesitate to shoot again.'

There is more, and worse, to come for South Africa's Africans.

But, as the Bishop says, 'they want to live as human beings.' They are fired with rightful aspirations—'fires that can never be extinguished by a show of force, however invincible that force may appear to be.'

J. Y. Chang

ABOUT OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Cedric Belfrage, British author and journalist, is at present visiting Latin America. His new book on a historical theme is scheduled to be published in the United States by Doubleday & Doran of New York.

Yae Ichida, poetess and artist, comes from ancient Kyoto stock. A widow, she is bringing up four daughters on her earnings as a leading designer of classical-style kimono. She plays a leading part in the cultural life of Kyoto.

The article 'Stress and its Relief' comes from a medical man who wishes to remain anonymous. He is a widely travelled physician, who has operated a practice in Malaya for some years, and is now retired and on world tour.

A Doctor will contribute more articles to *Eastern Horizon* in the future. We hope our readers who may have any questions on medicine in Asia will address their questions to 'A Doctor' who will gladly take them up. However, *Eastern Horizon* has no intention of starting a 'sick' column, and only questions of general interest will be answered. Personal symptoms, please refrain!

Lu Hung-nien, author of 'A Visit to Yunglo-kung,' is a lecturer in traditional Chinese painting.

Frederick Joss became a full-time press artist and writer in Brazil, at the age of nineteen. For twenty-one years he was cartoonist and writer on special subjects on the now defunct London *Star*. He served as a ranker in World War II and has

spent three and half years in a mental hospital near London. He has now gone back to Europe, but will soon make his home in the East.

Husein Rofé, author, linguist and journalist, was born in Manchester in 1922 and attended school in Shrewsbury. Then he studied at the School of Oriental and African Studies, London University, at Madrid University and at other famous seats of learning in Europe. He has devoted much of his time to the study of Islamic culture, becoming a Muslim at the age of twenty-four. He has travelled widely and, as a result, can now speak over twelve languages fluently, not to mention his own modest claim to a working knowledge of Japanese, Portuguese and Chinese (Cantonese).

A Modern Marco Polo will write about France again in the next instalment of his 'Intimate Travel Notes.'

Chu Feng is our Bangkok correspondent. He is a Chinese scholar who has lived in Thailand for many years.

Khwaja Ahmad Abbas was born in Panipat, India. He has been journalist, columnist, short-story writer, novelist, scenarist and film director. His story 'The Boy who Moved a Mountain' appeared in *Eastern Horizon*, Vol. I, No. 3.

Edmund Blunden's 'Japanese Travelogue' will appear in this journal soon.

J. Y. Chang is a member of the Editorial staff of *Eastern Horizon*.

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Edmund Blunden
in *The Yomiuri*, Tokyo

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